



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLECIAN

February 1936

The St. Joseph's Collegian

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

EDITED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

BY THE STUDENTS

OF

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

The
St. Joseph's Collegian

February, 1936

Volume XXIV

George C. Muresan, Editor

Number Five

James O'Connor, Business Mgr.

Contents

ARTICLES

Teresa, Saint and Writer	Joseph Grevenkamp	211
His Surname was Lackland	Robert Kaple	219
Through the Microscope	Roman Anderson	232
A Glimpse at "Elia"	Richard Trame	228
Faithless as Queen and Mother	Earl Foos	235

FICTION

When Nature is Sullen	Aurele Durocher	215
Transient	Albert Ottenweller	223

VERSE

Passing	Kenneth Couhig	214
Resolution	Norman Fisher	218
Indian Moons	Albert Van Nevel	226
Friedrich von Schiller	Charles Froelich	222
Security	Paul Zeller	231
The Mirror Lake	Frederick Steininger	248

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	239
Exchanges	241
Book Shelf	244
Alumni	247
In the Shadow of the Towers	249
Club News Spotlight	254
Sports	257
Humor	264

The Collegian is published monthly during the school year by the students of St. Joseph's College. Contributions are solicited from the students. Subscription rates: yearly, one dollar and fifty cents; single copies, twenty cents.

Entered as Second-Class matter, October 20, 1927, at the Post Office of Collegeville, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1897.



Lourdes Grotto

Teresa, Saint and Writer

● By Joseph Grevenkamp '36

TERESA is a name rather popular among women—a name popularized by the life and reputation of a great saint. Daughter of Alonzo de Cepeda, Teresa Cepeda y Ahumada boasts descent from an old Castilian line of Spanish grandees. She first saw the light of day on March 28, 1515 in a weather-beaten Fortress House in Avila, Spain, where she spent the years of her childhood and maidenhood. Mentally precocious and exceptionally alert, Teresa, as a mere child, gave much promise of a brilliant future, and her later years did not disappoint the expectations entertained in her regard. Her parents, being sincerely Catholic and devout, provided the best training for her according to the customs of their times with the result that their daughter grew up to be a sensible, attractive, and accomplished young woman.

Teresa's Education

At the age of fourteen, Teresa lost her saintly mother, but her father, a man of sterling character, saw to it that this painful bereavement would not jeopardize his daughter's career. He sent her to the academy of the Augustinian

Nuns at Avila, a school renowned for solid Christian education, and besides this, a school as much advanced in the educational practice of those days as the best of schools are at the present day. Talent and application made it easy for Teresa to achieve distinction in her studies, and her progress was just exciting general attention when sickness interfered with her work. She found it necessary to leave the academy after eighteen months and repair to her home to live with her father. Upon recovering her health, she did not return to the academy, but completed her education at home under the supervision of her father and an uncle who was a man of letters. This uncle appears to have been particularly interested in Teresa's intellectual and moral training, for, as is known, he advised such studies and procured such reading matter for her as did not fail to make her exceptionally proficient in careful thinking and writing in her later years. Among the literary productions she read at this time was a letter of St. Jerome. The great intellect of this great writer and his outspoken manner on matters pertaining to religious life made an im-

pression on her which she could not forget. She studied this letter until its entire meaning was clear to her, and, as the import of this letter clarified in her mind, her own vocation to religious life became clear to her.

For a short period in her maidenhood, Teresa was touched by the vanities of worldly life. She took pride in her personal beauty and accomplishments and admired the conduct and manners of the Spanish *Senoritas*. Nobler thoughts, however, soon gained the upper hand in her consciousness, and in their light she saw the worthlessness of earthly vanities. The entire atmosphere, moreover, in which she lived and studied was surcharged with enthusiasm for spiritual perfection. Contemporary with her and native to her own country were the great St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. John of the Cross, and the ascetic, Louis de Granada. In neighboring countries, in spite of strife that had been incited on religious grounds, lived equally great saints, several of whom have been canonized in recent times. The fame and writings of these great personages were not unknown to Teresa. The beautiful example which these saints gave to the world, together with the sacrifices which they made in the cause of religion and spiritual life, induced her to think ever more seriously of the advices given in that letter of St. Jerome and caused her to enter the Carmelite Convent of the Incarnation in November of 1535. Her father found it hard to

give her up to a life of seclusion, but he had too much solid religious sense to step between his daughter and her well-considered religious vocation. For Teresa herself the separation from family ties proved to be a heart-rending and bitter experience.

Her Life as a Religious

After being professed among the Carmelite Nuns, Teresa made visible progress on the road to spiritual perfection. Soon, however, her former illness returned to be a trial for her during the major part of her life. Thinking that some little diversion would aid her in regaining her health, she accepted frequent visits from her relatives and friends, but she found that this association with people whose minds were bent on worldly affairs was a serious obstacle to advancement in spiritual perfection. Hence, though she found it hard to put a stop to these visits, she would tolerate them no longer. For the future she sought her consolation and strength in meditation and prayer.

For almost thirty years she continued to live in the convent at Avila. As if poor health was not a sufficient affliction, she added daily austerities to her religious practices and gradually made herself worthy of her very special divine graces and revelations. Seeing that the way to sainthood lay in ever increasing self-denial and penance, she finally resolved to establish a convent in which the erstwhile more severe rule of the Carmelite Nuns

was to be observed. In this undertaking she untimately succeeded, but the difficulties she had to overcome and the length of time required to triumph over these difficulties were enough to break the spirit of a person in vigorous health, but Teresa, though much incapacitated by sickness, would not be broken in spirit. Her confidence in God remained unshaken and her reliance upon the help of St. Joseph, whose assistance she invoked in all her trials, increased just in proportion as difficulties and obstacles multiplied for her. For a person with her enthusiasm and spiritual zeal, obstacles were nothing more than stepping stones to success. Not only one convent, but a number of them arose in which her plan for growth in spiritual perfection and her idea of rule and order prevailed. In this work, she was not only the director and the moving spirit, but also the inspiring and beautiful example.

Teresa's Writings

"The mouth speaketh from the fullness of the heart!" To this saying may be added that the pen will show the nature of that fullness equally as well. As Teresa advanced in years, her duties increased in number, but in spite of mounting burdens, she never thought of reducing her spiritual exercises. Living with God and speaking to Him in prayer always remained her chief occupation. The lofty spiritual insight and understanding which came to her because of this practice filled

her words, and her writings as well, with a wisdom that mere worldly knowledge of whatever kind cannot match in quality. That in her busy days, she should find time for writing is a wonder, and it is equally a wonder that her writings should possess the graces of the true literary artist. Time for revision was not hers, neither was any time to be wasted in attempting literary excellencies. Yet critics who have examined her writings in her native Spanish declare that her works, though boldly and rapidly written, while unequal in value, generally show an extremely graceful style, such as other authors of repute have achieved only by prolonged and painstaking efforts. Some even claim that her style is the best to be found in all the literature produced in the Spanish tongue.

The number of Teresa's works places her in the first rank with prolific authors. Though a vast variety of interests are not represented in these works, there is, however, a manifest tendency in them to go to the bottom of things. In her case, this means a persistent endeavor to sweep through the heights and depths of spiritual experiences. Her literary manner, her scope of thought, and her breadth of subject matter are said to be represented fully in such works as "Life, written by herself", "Relations", and "The Interior Castle". Though extensive, these works comprise merely a fragment of her writings. As to quality, they are said to compare favorably with the "Confessions" of

St. Augustine, a comparison which involves enviable praise.

Her "Letters" bear witness to an enormous correspondence. Never written with an eye for publication, they are, nevertheless, couched in that splendid literary style which characterizes her works generally. Even in translations, they read beautifully because of the sincere thought, the common sense, and the admirable sweetness which they contain. One need but read these "Letters" side by side with those written by prominent literary men who had publication in view to see that there is a noticeable measure of superiority in favor of Teresa's correspondence, a superiority that rests on the good sense of a thoroughly religious soul as compared to the vagaries of a mind entangled with earthly affairs.

After a busy life of sixty-seven years, forty-seven of which she gave to God in the humble service of religion, Teresa died with the fame of a most saintly life attached to her memory. Her long-continued illness ended in the severest suffering, but she was prepared by many years of penance to accept with the calmest resignation any affliction which God might send to her. Her pious soul went to God, but her name remained as a memorial among people, a name surrounded with the glorious halo of sanctity. Her body, so badly troubled with sickness during life, lies incorrupt since her death in 1582 to this day in the chapel of the convent, Alba de Tormes, a convent which is a memorial of her tireless labor. She was canonized in 1622 and has ever since been known as Saint Teresa of Jesus.

Passing

by

Kenneth Couhig '37

Time was when I was young,
When even clouds were never gray;
And what I did was sung
In tunes as soft as southern lay.

Time is not kind today;
It steals what once it gave with smiles;
It shifts the pawns of play
And clutters work with vexing wiles.

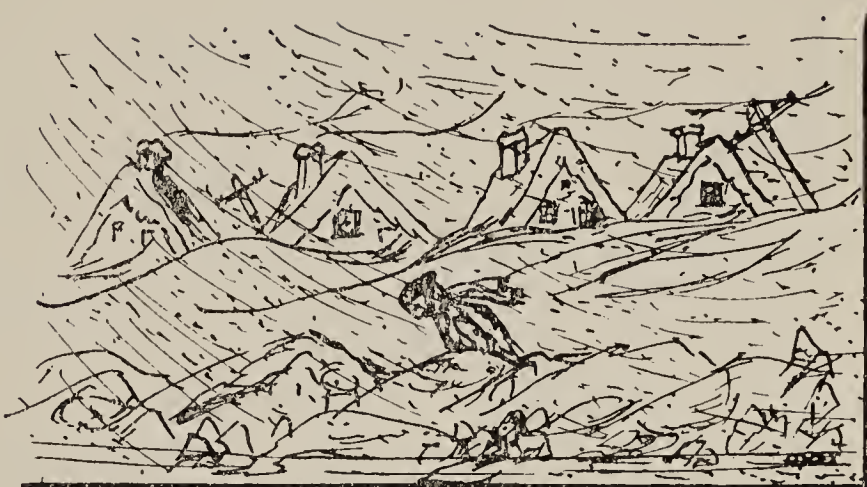
And Time will further come,
To make me old and gravely sad,
With Death's ring on its thumb
To mock the joys that once I had.

Then time will pass away,
While melting in its raging flame,
And let me turn to clay,
But sends my soul from whence it came.

When Nature is Sullen

● By Aurele Durocher '36

Nature shows herself in the raw in blizzards. I lived through several of these wintry blasts, but always loved their violence and danger. One of them proved particularly thrilling.



"I plodded, stumbled, almost rolled on my way to the station."

PEOPLE anxiously scanning the western sky were hurrying along the streets to their homes. A dull, bitter cold put agility into their feet, and a cutting wind made them draw their wraps close. At service stations, autos nosed one another out of the way to get a non-freeze mixture for their radiators and non-skids for their tires. Above, in a lowering sky, clouds in stolid gray gave the warning: "Prepare for the snowstorm." An old townsman, shuffling along the sidewalk, hectically screeched at every passer-by, "It looks like the beginning of a real 'Febbery' blizzard. You watch and see if it won't strike before supper." He was a little late in his guess. People, born and raised in northern Michigan, where lies my youthful stamping ground, are often misled in their guesses about the weather, though they have lived

through harsh and desperate wintry tempests for years. At any rate, this particular storm broke earlier than expected; nevertheless it did not catch me. I was still a mere boy at the time, and it took more than a galloping wind to outrace me on my homeward stretch that afternoon.

Once in the house, I looked out of a window to see what was coming after me. In level sheets, the roaring wind was carrying layer upon layer of snow so thick and fast that everything quickly turned into a howling whiteness. After a few minutes, I could not resist breaking out of doors to measure the depth of the snow. "Gee," I called to my mother, "it is a foot deep already!" I was jubilant about the storm and, having re-entered the house, I fairly danced up and down before the window in tempo with the noise of the

wind outside. But my mother wore a worried look. I knew instinctively what worried her even before she said, "Goodness, how deep will it be by night?" My father was a railroad engineer. His train would not be in until ten by the clock at night. What would happen to his train in this blizzard? This thought worried my mother, and to drown her fears, I observed that no blizzard would keep me from going to the station to meet my father as I was accustomed to do on all other evenings. Naturally, on a night like this, I was especially eager to go. Other people were braving the weather, and no Old Man Winter would keep me cooped up, though he might do his worst.

After supper, I settled near a well-heated base-burner and tried to read, but the shrieking and screaming of the wind about the corners of the house made this impossible. Impelled by curiosity, I walked to the window time and again to see the snow whirling past the street lights which, in the growing darkness, looked like frozen stars with a dim flame at the heart of them. I became impatient to get on the way to meet my father at the railway station. In that storm nothing stood still but time. First, I had run before it like a coward; now I felt ready to dare its bluster and its snowdrifts, no matter how fierce the one and how deep the other might be. Anxiously I watched the clock, and long before the usual time for leaving on this little trip, I was all courage and bustle. Though my mother sought

to discourage me from going, nothing short of an army could now have stopped me. Extra trousers, extra sweaters, high-top overshoes, a fur-coat, and a "chook" cap went into my make-up. In this armor I was ready to give battle to giant Winter at his meanest.

As I opened the door, a stab of cold air struck me in the face and made me sputter and gasp for breath. But, getting my bearings, I forced myself out into the drifts. I plodded, stumbled, almost rolled on my way toward the station. The sharp wind was chopping my face into bits and peppering it with icy needles that stung like maddened bees. Again and again, I was forced to turn my gack to the assault to keep from being choked, but twenty minutes of bucking snow and wind brought me to my destination. It may be stale to say that I was out of breath, that my face was blood-red, that I carried hard-packed snow in every outer fold and wrinkle of my clothing, but there was nothing stale about that trip to me. I felt heroic. I knew that my father would consider me a real little he-man on finding me ready as usual to meet him.

Shutting the station door in the face of Old Man Blizzard, I faced Joe Wellette, the agent, whom I knew as a friendly man. "Boy," Joe blustered, "she's a dandy, eh? I suppose we'll be locked up here together for the night." Straightway, he proceeded to relate anecdotes from his experience with blizzards. His ready tongue at narrative gave me time to snap back to normal and catch my

breath. "Your dad," he continued, "will have to pat the old iron horse on the back tonight to make her pull in." These words woke me up completely, but I said nothing. I walked over to the large station window to size up the snowdrifts. The agent, still talking, came and stood at my side.

"Do you think my dad's train will be late tonight?" I finally managed to stammer.

"Late? Not by a little. He'll do well to get in at all," was the discouraging answer.

A brisk rattling of the ticker made Joe scurry back to his office. I waited breathlessly. "Train, No. 2, engine, twenty-three, tied up at Lawson because of storm," Joe shouted at me. So — my father's train was but fifteen miles away, but would not be in that night. I bit my lips in disappointment and wondered how I would soothe my mother's worries when I brought her the news. I had not long to think of matters, for Joe swung into the waiting room of the station saying:

"We may as well trek for home. There's no train coming during my time on the job. Button up your duds carefully, laddie."

"Oh, we can't make it," I rejoined. "Come to this window and take a look at these mountains of snow."

"We must make it; come along."

At this command of the agent, I plucked up courage. He was kind enough to take the lead, while I clung desperately to his coat tail as we bucked the drifts, slid into crags, staggered, stumbled, and reeled a-

long the road homeward. The storm had not abated a bit. The wind slashed, whipped, thrashed, and shrieked as wildly as ever. But that agent was a real man. He would see me home first before going his own way. At the door of my home, I wished to thank him, but I merely fell against the door, and my mother, hearing the noise, pulled me in. That was the end of my strenuous tussle with nature at her maddest. I need not say that I was glad to thaw out in the cozy warmth of the base-burner. When I had regained my composure, my mother plied me with questions. She did not worry nearly as much as I feared she would when I told her that father's train was blocked. If she did worry, she failed to show it. She never was very demonstrative about her feelings. Quietly she prepared our beds for the night.

Did I sleep that night! I must have shamed the storm into silence by my snoring. By the time I got out of bed, the sun was glittering brilliantly on hills of snow. Men were busy at opening the streets with snow dredges. In a great drift, not far from home, they uncovered an auto whose sole occupant was frozen to death. The news of this accident sent me and my mother into a flurry of excitement. Learning that the street I had travelled on the previous evening was almost ready for traffic, I crawled over the high drift at the front door of my home and fairly ran to the station to get news about my father. This time the station room was crowded,

and stories of accidents to trains and travelers were on everybody's lips. I had difficulty getting at the agent, but found out from him after some time that my father's train was due at noon, and that all was well with him. When I crawled back over the snow-drift at the front of my home, my mother was at the door to hear what I had to say. The news I brought cheered her. She and I now talked gaily about my experiences and about the fury of the storm, but occasionally our faces grew serious when we adverted to the sufferings and accidents which nature in her sullen moods can inflict on helpless people.

When my father came home on the afternoon of that day, he had much to say about his experiences and had such tales of hardship to relate that my mother begged him to move out of the disagreeable part of the country in which we lived. But to all her suggestions, my father replied smilingly, "What is winter without snowstorms! They are so refreshing. I would get sick without them." Secretly I felt glad that my father would not consider moving out of the realm of snows and blizzards. The seasons of the year would mean nothing for me if I did not occasionally encounter nature in a sullen mood.

Resolution

by

Norman Fisher '37

In the beauty of the dawning
Heralding the break of day,
In the duty of the morning
Starting on its happy way,
Lies the hope of aiming high,
Lies the will to do or die,
For the day.

In the bustle of the noontime
Marking half the struggle won,
In the hustle of the mid-day
Bidding emulate the sun;
Lies the strength of brain and brawn,
Lies the joy of carrying on,
In the day.

In the riot of the sunset
Sinking turbulent to rest,
In the quiet of the evening
Showing darkness on its breast;
Lies the prize of man's success,
Lies the crown of happiness,
Of the day.

His Surname was Lackland

● By Robert Kaple '36

LIBERTY, paradoxically enough, is the fruit of tyranny. History vouches for this statement by loudly heralding the downfall of autocracies and the rise of republican forms of government. Thus, the ancient Greeks sought refuge from tyranny in city republics and lastly in the Achaean League; the old Romans, in a long-lasting democracy; the people of medieval England, in the Magna Carta. In each case, tyranny caused an uprising among the people only to defeat its own oppressive measures. Above question, the Magna Carta is the best result that grew out of all recorded popular revolts; hence it ought to be interesting to consider the government of the English king who is responsible for its construction.

From 1199-1216, England was ruled by King John, the one and only king of that name in the entire English royal succession. His father was Henry II, the first of the Plantagenets; his mother was Queen Elenore of Aquitaine. He had two brothers: Henry, surnamed the Boisterous, who died in youth, and Richard, surnamed the Lion Hearted, who preceded him on the English throne by ten years. If John had any surname before he became fa-

mous as Lackland, it must have been "Vinegar Face," for he stood ace high among all the sour-livered and disgruntled men of his time. He certainly made himself the exponent of the worst traits of the autocratic, royal house to which he belonged. That house was a bear and lion's den. Mischief, scolding, quarreling made up the order of the day. Queen Elenore did not love her husband, Henry II. She ridiculed his "bulging eyes, his bull neck, his potbelly, and his bowed legs." Henry was not slow to return the compliments. He keenly taunted her every feminine weakness and idiosyncrasy. With this parental example before his eyes, John, already gloomy by nature, could not develop that mild and gentle disposition so necessary to a noble sovereign. Hence it came about that as king, he disgraced his reign by all the ugly traits that had been fostered in him during his early home life.

John's Government

From the first of the seventeen years of John's reign to the last, England saw stirring times. Shrewder by a great deal than his predecessor, Richard the Lion Hearted, yet he was no match for the uncanny

shrewdness of Philip Augustus of France. This French King, being more able than many others who had occupied his throne, regarded English predominance in France as a continuous menace and insult. Though by the laws of feudalism, the English King was a vassal to the crown of France, this vassalage had in time come to be more imaginary than real. Real it could hardly be, for the English King of that time actually owned six times as much territory in France as did the French King himself. A situation of this kind could hardly be tolerated by a monarch like Philip Augustus. Realizing the inferiority of King John in political maneuvers, the French King forced him into war by making a demand which he knew John would not satisfy. In that war, John sought for an ally. He found one in a sovereign of his own "meat".

By a questionable election and by the assassination of a rival for the crown the Holy Roman Empire, a certain Otto of Nordheim obtained the most coveted scepter in all Europe. He may not have been directly guilty of the assassination of his rival for imperial honors, but, like King John, he did make himself guilty of every misdeed that a good-for-nothing monarch could perpetrate. This sovereign came to be King John's ally in the ensuing war with the King of France. They were in every respect as much alike as two peas in a pod, and the outcome of that war left them equally alike. They were badly beaten by Philip

Augustus, who sent Emperor Otto home to face deposition and an early death; and sent John home to his native England to be disgraced by the surname, Lackland, because he had lost half of his possessions in France.

More disgraceful for King John than his well-merited surname was the hatred of his own people which broke out in open opposition to him when he came to his homeland. Little of what may be called good was known of him among his English subjects. What they did know about him meant ruthless oppression and burdensome taxes. Straightway they resolved to administer another licking to him, now that he was well within their power and would be forced because of circumstances to listen to their petitions. There was no time to be lost, however, in dealing with John, as time always heals the sting of humiliation, and once he would feel his old self again and find himself secure in his authority, the voice of the people would have no more effect on him than the humming of flies. Consequently, the leaders among the people, the barons, headed by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, struck their blows while the iron was hot, and made that blow so telling that John's stubbornness was bent to their will. That blow proved the best ever struck in favor of civil liberties.

King John Signs the Magna Carta

That a Charter of liberties had long ago been granted to the English

people by their king, Henry I, was utterly unknown to John. In his mind the chief right of a ruler consisted in oppression, and harsh exaction of dues for the government. Liberties of any kind could only be a national nuisance in so far as he could understand. But what he had never known was now brought to his attention. That old Charter formed the basis of a new and far more pretentious one which Archbishop Langton, together with the barons and their retainers and two thousand of the best English knights, presented to him for signature. This new Charter was the Magna Carta. With characteristic sullenness, John waved the document aside. But when he finally saw that his petitioners were insistent and were ready to give battle on the meadow of Runnymede near the Thames, he yielded to their demands. Taking his seat on a huge stone which lies on that meadow to this day, he signed the Magna Carta on June 15, 1215. True, this Charter did not advance claims for new liberties, but it set forth the grants in the old Charter of Henry I more extensively and in such clear terms that no misunderstanding was possible. It stands as the bulwark of Anglo-Saxon liberties down to this day.

King John, whose name is said to signify dependability, could not be depended upon to abide by the Charter. He soon sought to break its provisions and even resorted to war to overthrow it, but death cut short his vain attempts to rid him-

self of an instrument of government that had sliced down his royal prerogatives by fully one half. Probably John entertained no respect for the Magna Carta because of its clumsy Latin, but that clumsy Latin meant what it said, and the mischief of it was that not only the King, but everybody else could understand what it said. By designing to get rid of the Charter, John only set a bad pace for his successors on the English throne, for the people, having grown jealous of their liberties, watched over them with an eagle eye. Thirty-eight times, in the immediately following centuries, English kings had to ratify the Magna Carta. The importance of the document is witnessed by the fact that its ideas, much of its wording, and its principles in general have passed into the constitution and laws of all American states.

Any notice of King John would not even be passingly complete without mentioning his quarrel with Pope Innocent III. Repeatedly the Pope had admonished him to show more consideration for his subjects and to desist from meddling with the affairs of the Church. At length, John was constrained to submit, and in making his submission, he seems for once to have lost his crabbedness, for he went much further in making that submission than he was expected to go. But in spite of this single act of generosity, he stands in history as one who conspired against his father, Henry II, who proved treacherous to his brother, Richard the Lion Hearted, and who

oppressed his subjects mercilessly. He got what he deserved, namely, a threefold defeat: one at the hands of the Pope, one at the hands of the King of France, and one at the hands of his own people. He, furthermore, deserves three surnames, Lackland, Lacksense, and Lackfaith. A sorry record this, for one whose name appears in the long line of succession of kings in a noble country.



Friedrich von Schiller

by

Charles Froelich '36

A mind that teemed with brilliancy of gems
And knew not crafty envy's burning guile;
A soul adorned by arts magnificent
That rose in strength as pyramids of old
To voice the claims that freedom holds on man
By history's word and by the drama's skill,
Till petty tyrannies should stand condemned;
Such crowning glory hallows Schiller's name.

Oft brooding over boundless depths of thought,
Till feelings stirred what words could not express,
He strove to picture them in deathless forms
By mood, by figure, character, and sign
On pages where the gnawing rust of time
Must yield its slight before immortal worth.

Transient

● By Albert Ottenweller '36

The crash of '29 ruined the Smede family financially. Ogden Smede, an only son, came to be the subject of family quarrels. He left home, but, after several years of hardship on the road, returned to find his parents living contentedly. He did not disturb them.

HE HAD not worked for a long time. In fact his entire appearance bespoke the man "on the bum." When the freight had stopped at Bronton he had crawled out from a car under which he had ridden the rods. All day he had maintained a cramped position, and now he limbered his stiff muscles as he gazed upon the town of his birth in the winter night. Ogden Smede had returned. A prodigal? Hardly. Just another victim of the crash of '29. At that time his suits were many and well cut; now his scanty threadbare coat failed to shield him from the icy wind. His face was lined, gaunt and grimy with a three days' beard, but in the years before the depression his face had been sleek, well shaven, handsome.

As the rear of the train became two eyes of red and green in the east, Ogden started to walk toward the center of the town. How thrilled was he when he saw the familiar streets, lighted and crowded with laughing, happy people! Ghosts of former days returned—the theatre parties, the lovely debutantes and

their "coming out" parties, the formal balls—all the charming affairs bored. When the bottom dropped out of the market and ugly bankruptcy became a black contagion, these things ended. With many others, the Smede fortune was swallowed in the vortex of failure.

In the better residential section, Ogden became conscious of the searching gazes and lifted eyebrows of strolling couples. Once he had been a social lion, one who would have disdained to glance at those who now passed him. In the former halcyon days his father, a cloth manufacturer, had ruled a small kingdom in the textile world; his mother, a small dominion among the smug Bronton socialites. Then the Smede family was the first family of the small industrial city, but their primacy was one of power and force. In petulant jealousy fawning underlings would have gloatingly crushed them into the dust of oblivion. Only fear and a passion for personal security restrained that hatred.

When the depression destroyed the Smede fortune, these same hang-

ers-on feasted like harpies on the ruin. They did all in their power to make a failure more humiliating. Yes, all was gone—securities, factories, cash, mansions, cars, and servants. A five room cottage became the abode of the Smedes. Wilson Smede obtained a job in a packing house. Mrs. Smede exchanged her lorgnette for a broom; the hanging up of Bronton scandals, for the weekly laundry.

At first the catastrophe was a nightmare to Ogden. Momentarily he waited for the terrible dream to pass. Again he hoped to enjoy his clubs and cars and social contacts. But the nightmare was starkly real. No conjuring could change its actuality.

Its poignant reality struck him more forcibly through the complaints of his mother. She had dreamed dreams for him, dreams now ruthlessly shattered. Endlessly her voice raised itself in a strident whine; eternally she argued with her husband, blaming him from morning until night. At times she essayed tears on the broken man, at times harsh, cruel vituperation and merciless reproach—always stinging recrimination. In the face of this perpetual berating, Wilson Smede was silent, his features bearing that hurt, bewildered look of a tortured animal. Such a state of affairs humiliated Ogden. He knew the cause of his mother's nagging was the failure of her plans for him. It was another example of misdirected maternal instinct.

In this atmosphere Ogden tried to adjust himself to a lower standard

of living. Often he attempted to calm his mother in her tantrums, but to no avail. To escape this unhappy home he spent his evenings amid the smoke and raucousness of poolrooms. Day after day he tramped the streets seeking any kind of employment. Always he evidenced a certain gaucherie before employers which hinted at inexperience; always the same reply was given: "Come back later."

Home was unbearable, no work was available, the pool halls were insufferable. What could he do? Night after night he tossed on his bed striving to solve the problem. So acute became his mental state on the subject of work that he could scarcely sleep. Often he walked in the park until sheer weariness forced him homewards. Perusing the papers one day, he read a report on the number of unemployed on the road. Immediately he found the end of his present difficulties—he would leave home and get work in the city. That night Ogden Smede, late socialite, was definitely "on the bum."

As the years passed, he frequently regretted this decision, for he was perfectly incompetent to cope with a transient's life. Through necessity and by the aid of a friendly "bo", he learned to fend for himself. It required courage to live in dirty box cars or flimsy, tar paper huts, to sleep in filthy jails, to eat disgusting, ill-cooked food, to rub shoulders with the scum of society.

While these reflections filtered through his mind he drew closer to his home. As he walked the final

block his heart beat more rapidly, and his steps quickened with eagerness. In the gleam of the corner street light he could see, as he reached the premises, that the house had been painted and that a cozy, white picket fence enclosed the lawn—signs of prosperity. He opened the gate and went to the house. He raised his hand to turn the knob, then desisted. Fear clutched his heart. Perhaps strangers now lived there. First he would peer into the front window. Cautiously he walked to the window, looked in, and beheld a part of that life which he once had shared. His father's head, now white, was buried in the evening paper, while his mother rocked slowly with a piece of knitting in her hands. Serenity and restfulness marked the scene. The fire, the comfortable chairs, the rich, invitingly subdued light, the sight of his parents made him glow with love and appreciation. Soon their soft, sad smiles would be turned to happy laughter and joyful anxiety concerning his needs. The strong handclasp of his father, and the fervent kiss of his mother would be heady wine to his spirits.

Then came a thought, unbidden, unconquerable. The old feud would start again. Because of his absence

mutual pain had drawn his father and mother together; his presence would destroy their peace. Once more his mother would be a vixen, and the happy twinkle in his father's eyes would be turned to films of sadness and pain; a happy home would become an inferno of barbed tongues and malice.

Now he held in his hands his own well-being and the happiness of his parents. Which did he prefer? After all, the physical comforts of home would be pleasant only for a short time, while the maelstrom of sorrow and dispute would continue.

Again he gazed into the window. Then he saw his father go to his mother and stroke her graying hair. That act of his father decided his own course of action. As tears welled in his eyes, he realized how much more he loved his parents than his own well-being. Looking down he saw his ragged clothes—bum's clothes; he was an exile from respectable society. With a last loving look at his home and parents, he slowly walked away. He closed the gate reverently, and directed his steps toward the railroad tracks.

Just the other day he heard someone remark that the steel mills were hiring men. The next day he was firing a blast furnace.



Indian Moons
by
Albert Van Nevel '36

Cold Moon glares with chilling light
On January's grainless fields
And tells her tale in icy words
To February's Hunger Moon,
Which trails within her sickly train
The omens fell
Of famine, ills, and ugly death,
For which the Crow Moon,
In the month of March,
Will offer scant relief in healing art.

But April, month of bright Grass Moon,
Inspires hope
Where all at first was but despair,
And cheerfully prepares the way
For her who glides in smiling rounds
Throughout the nights of May
And bears the name of Planting Moon,
Within whose warming glow
Such plenty grows
That joy and toil applaud in merriment
The coming of abundance,
For which the Rose Moon gives her pledge
While ruling her domain
Within the perfumed range of time
Which balmy June maintains.

To rouse from slumber trees and herbs,
The Thunder Moon rolls o'er the clouds
Throughout July, the month which urges fruitage,
Of whatever blooms on stalk, or tree, or vine
On which the heat of August,
Month of Green Corn Moon.
Then pours its ripening rays
Through all the while
That Sirius, star which maddens dogs,

INDIAN MOONS

Will ride its rounds
Until in mild September nights
The Harvest Moon broods over stubble fields
And over granaries bursting wide
With Ceres' gifts
To cheer the sweating brow and toiling hand.

The bugle's note which sounds the chase
Rings in October's reign
With Hunting Moon to shed its light
On prowling foxes, wolves, opossums, coons,
Whose quarrel with hounds
Will take no end
Until November's Frosty Moon
Will put to flight
The barking, yapping, snarling rout,
And clear the barren fields and woods
For Her who ushers in old Winter's rule
And claims December for her month,
The sparkling, silvery Long Night Moon.

Thus Indians reckoned in their calendar
And counted time
By twelve lunations, all distinct,
Until the white man drove them out
Of home and land;
And gave the Moon to understand
That gauging time
Was well outside of her command,
And brusquely bade her
Mind her silly business
At filling people's heads
With crazy, gushing, lunar dizziness.

A Glimpse at "Elia"

● By Richard J. Trame '36

ONE of the best loved and surely the most familiar among English men of letters is Charles Lamb. Henry Nelson Coleridge says pointedly, "Charles Lamb writes the best, the purest, and the most genuine English of any man living." His real skill, however, and the reach of his literary power were not recognized by the reading public, and likely not even by himself, until "Elia" made its appearance and met with cheerful acclaim.

His Humorous Vein

Single in excellence and kind are such titles of Lamb's essays as "Roast Pig", "The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers", and "Grace Before Meat". They prove the humorist's confidence in the certainty of his touch. The commonplace is surely suggested plentifully by these titles, but it vanishes at Lamb's approach. Had he allowed it to remain, instant and certain failure would have ruined his work. Even the many-sided choice of subject and the widespread treatment of each topic would not have excused the commonplace. But he is a master at glorifying the commonplace and at hiding it in beautiful diction. In this particular, he closely resembles

Shakespeare, quite as he resembles him in the haphazard choice of subjects and in the original manner of treating them. Thus, his manner and method made is possible for him to transmute the most common and unpromising material into the best gold of letters.

In that smiling good humor, so natural to him, Lamb gives an analysis of his own writings and half contemptuously and half apologetically throws out a criticism of real value. He says: "I am now at liberty to confess that much which I have heard objected to in my late friend's (his own) writings was well founded. Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite thing—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique words and phrases—and better it is that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him." This plea, curious as it seems, is nevertheless a simple truth, for what might appear artificial to a hasty reader in Lamb's writings was nothing else than natural to him. His splendid humor, so provokingly poignant, could never have made itself at home in a setting of artificial words and senten-

ces. It is too natural to admit anything like sham or imitation. Its amusingly spontaneous quality could be saved only by perfectly natural and personal diction.

That frequent allusions are noticeable in his writings, together with a certain penchant for quoting, does not detract from his originality, even if the allusions and quotations are employed as the inventions of his own mind, for, in whatever particular Lamb may have gathered vicarious experience, these have so thoroughly intermingled with his own thought that they cannot any longer be regarded as foreign elements in his writings. In view of his consistent humorous vein, nothing would be more untrue than to say of him that he read nature or anything else through another's spectacles or through another's books.

Closely allied to Lamb's humor is his flashing wit. His unexpected turns of thought, in which he displays the ludicrous side of things, come along so frequently that the repeated smiles produced on the reader's face trip at each other's heels. He clearly desires to keep busy at touching one's risibles by playing up similes, fantastic and incongruous, in such endless profusion that neither Defoe nor Swift can match him at the game. In "Roast Pig" he observes, "Thus the firing of houses continued, till in the process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt at they called it)

without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it." Again, in a sportive way he remarks upon his domestic happiness with his invalid sister Mary in "Mackery End", "We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings, as it should be among near relations." This hiding of a sweet taste in a bitter word is the peculiar flavor of Lamb's wit.

He Loved the Romantic

There is evidence in Lamb's writings that he had a taste for country life. Any rural scene, which he observed, awakened his interest and sympathy as thoroughly as did matters of a social nature. Absorbed as he was in "Tales from Shakespeare", sounds and sights from country life that came to him only in bits, as scant occasion offered them, proved equally as absorbing to him. He reacts to the influence of nature in general with the feeling of a real romanticist, and when he describes impressions received from viewing landscapes, he does so with the precision and tenderness of a Wordsworth.

Had his life been spent in the country and not in London, the literary world might boast "Georgics and Bucolics" from his pen instead of "Elia." That he could write exquisitely about nature is plain from his glimpse at a garden scene as given in "Dream Children". Wordsworth would hardly have put more romanticism in the following lines: "Because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries

and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and limes in the grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish pond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if he mocked at their impertinent friskings.” It is hard to say whether the poet’s eye or the painter’s is more surely exhibited here.

A true romanticist must moralize. Consistent with this requirement, Lamb writes occasionally in the “old and antique strain.” But his moralizing is mostly a matter of self-examination. Very innocently he confesses personal weaknesses which other men would be hard put to conceal. “I am not content to pass away ‘like a weaver’s shuttle,’ ” he says. “These metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality—I am in love with the green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitude, and the sweet security of streets.” This self-analysis is as sincere as was his brotherly kindness to his sister Mary with whose incurable illness he sympathized in tears and sorrow.

The Last of the Elizabethans

In his “Essays of Elia” Lamb shows more so than elsewhere in his writings that he deserves to be

called the last of the Elizabethans. Critics by the dozens have pointed out that he was a slave to the great writers of that literary period. They show in particular that Lamb drew from them his ideas of the pedantic and the fantastical, of which not even the noblest among the Elizabethans were totally free. He learned the lofty language of these writers and used it, together with their more prominent weaknesses, as a source of humor and delight. That his style should not have grown out-moded, since it harks back to an age long dead, seems strange, but the reason for its endurance may be found in the matter which it conveys, for that matter is universal in its appeal and gives promise of perennial charm.

Despite his many commendable traits as a writer, Lamb did not escape adverse criticism. It is charged against him that in his waywardness and in his love for practical joking, he deliberately falsified things. But what reader would be so blunt in his tastes as to desire truth instead of pleasantries when perusing “Elia?” Many of the Elizabethans met with harsh criticism, and well deserved it; Lamb, being akin to them, at least in diction, could not escape adverse criticism, but he hardly deserves it. He desired to be humorous, mirthful, entertaining, and nothing more. Who would want him to be otherwise? If any one wishes to disentangle truth from fiction in “Elia,” or in any other of Lamb’s works, may he be free to follow his bent.

If nothing more were known of

A GLIMPSE AT "ELIA"

Charles Lamb than his writings, and, if one were to gauge his life (1775 - 1834 - Feb. 10) by the nature of those writings, the ensuing judgment would pronounce that life and the man who owned it as the most enviable among human kind, but unfortunately, as with other people, Lamb's life is proof of the adage, "There is no pathway of flowers leading to glory and fame." The trials which harass any ordinary life were his in full measure, but he bore them with a saint-like fortitude. It might seem that the man who produced "Elia" mostly wore a smile on his lips, but the fact is that Lamb mostly wore tears in his eyes.

Security

by

Paul Zeller '37

When you have found a place
Which brooks no rival claim,
There is rest,
The pay for sweat and earnest toil,
Where sorrow may not enter,
Nor the noise of shrill dispute.

Such is a place where happiness and peace
Will bless your soul;
A place which has no border lines
Nor circle's zone,
But is an echo merely
In another's breast.

Here fortune's goodness
Reaches to its widest bounds
And fills this place for you with joy
And that for you alone. Within this place
Another's fingers may not pilfer
Nor may another's name nor word
Destroy the purity
Of this echo's sound.

This place, secure for you alone
Knows but the beat
Of friendship's heart
Within whose echo lie the bounds
Where you may rest secure,
Where false heart never worked the pulse,
And where for you alone,
The ray of welcome shines.

Through the Microscope

● By Roman Anderson '36



"I was glad that nature did not grow a microscope to my face."

I WAS initiated into the biology class with a text book, a drawing set, a microscope, and a drop of water. For the first time in my life, water was to serve a purpose different from cooking, washing, and drinking. That precious drop of water was given me to look at with greater care than I had ever exercised in looking at water before. Not merely with the normal eye was that drop to be examined; the microscope was to aid me in seeing clean through it, and I was astonished when I did see through it. How glad I am that nature did not grow a microscope to my face, and I am glad that other people are spared the same nuisance. How could people live in peace if every object they encountered would show itself to be alive with bits of protoplasm! But this is just the appalling fact, even down to the food and drink which people need to sustain life. Fortunately, the conglomeration of tiny living creatures that is encountered in so many things inti-

mately connected with human life is not visible except to the microscopic eye of the scientist's laboratory.

Naturally, my first periods of work in the biological laboratory were hectic with excitement and interesting in discoveries for me. Not the least of my difficulties was to accustom myself to peer through a microscope with one eye. This cyclops business was distressing, and equally distressing was the finding of that drop of water, now all flattened out on a slide. I had no idea that a flattened drop of water, when magnified by powerful lenses, looks like a two-acre field. A lot could be seen in that area, but I saw nothing until I was told that all the while I was looking at an amoeba as big as a fifty-cent piece. I could hardly believe what I was told, until the amoeba was kind enough to dispel my unbelief by moving about, that is, by pouring itself in and out of sight as if coquetting with me. What I had expected to see in the water was a tiny variety of fish showing

scales, gills, head, tail, and fins; but what I did see had neither head nor tail, not even a definite shape.

Once I was convinced that the transparent, almost colorless mass, the amoeba, was really alive, I determined to find out its characteristics. A staining medium brought the little animal into astonishing relief. What appeared to be only slightly viscid water, now became a turbid, granular substance, bag-like in shape, showing the markings of a puncture along the middle. Scientifically this seeming puncture is called the contractile vacuole, in proximity to which is the nucleus or life center of this curious being. The stain brought out the nucleus prominently, because this structure absorbs color in greater quantity than any other portion of the animal and thus takes on a decidedly darker hue. Outside of its nucleus, the amoeba, under stain, showed its characteristic color, a dirty transparent gray, which, having been once seen, helps to distinguish the tiny animal ever afterwards.

As to its being, the amoeba is really nothing more than a wandering stomach, and that organ or sack which comprises its total existence is not even a stomach as commonly understood. It is a protoplasmic cell without mouth, eyes, or any of the other organs found in higher classes of animals. To watch it feed under the microscope is almost a thrilling spectacle. As if hit in the solar plexus by the object it chooses to devour, it folds about the object and consumes it—strange as it may

seem—without mouth or rupture in its skin. But the food morsel has been definitely taken up by this stomach-animal, for it can be seen clearly at the inside of the cell. Its feeding process belongs to the art of thaumaturgy.

Equally as peculiar as its manner of feeding is the faculty of locomotion in the amoeba. For long I looked at the little freak through the microscope to see how it would accomplish movement. As if to accommodate my interest, that simple bag of jelly pushed out an elongation like a finger in the direction it wished to travel. Then by pouring its entire insides into that elongation it moved from place to place. There was no hurry about this movement, and there need not be, for the amoeba has nothing else to do but exist.

Barring accidents, the amoeba never dies. The only thing that could kill it is the rupture of its bag of protoplasm. Being totally devoid of sex, it projects its existence into the indefinite future by endless fission and thus lives in its offspring by a singular process of rejuvenation. If it were capable of thought, it might well boast the expression, "Death, where is thy sting," and could well afford to laugh human fears of death to scorn. Fortunate, indeed, I considered that tiny creature as it took farewell from me by gliding out of view.

The exit of the amoeba did not clear the stage occupied by that drop of water under my microscope. Quickly a lively little beast gave

occasion for new excitement. This specimen, I was told, was a paramoecium. Here was a creature which darted from one side of the slide to the other as if it had delirium tremens. To make this swift motion possible, nature had provided the paramoecium with propellers, hair-like projections, called cilia, which made a rapid, corkscrew motion possible in any chosen direction. The direction usually chosen led, of course, outside of microscopic vision. Hence, this specimen, as I quickly found out, had to be studied while it was on the run. I was told to tire the little imp down and study it while it took to rest. But I must have had a Marathon runner among its kind, for a class period of two hours was not long enough to make this specimen slow down even a little.

The most interesting part in studying the paramoecium is to watch its reaction to a stimulus. This creature will stupidly clash with the same obstruction hundreds of times before it will manage to pass, and when it does finally pass,

accident is its only help. It is really amusing to watch this insignificant, twirling bundle of life hurl itself against an obstacle until mere chance relieves its misery. Students of animal psychology call this procedure the trial and error method. A better illustration of this method than that which the paramoecium gives by its crazy gyrations can hardly be found.

At the signal of the bell, I closed my first investigations of the paramoecium, only to resume the work in later class periods, but with more success. Over and over a drop of water was given me for examination, but as my studies progressed, I cared less and less for amoeba and paramoecium, since dozens of other animalcula, far more intricate in structure, presented themselves for scrutiny and research. Gradually I came to love these microscopic creatures, but I am still glad that nature did not grow a microscope to my face, for I want to slake my thirst in peace, and that without seeing things, when I resort to a good cold, refreshing drink of water.



Faithless as Queen and Mother

● By Earl Foos '36

BEING very much a "blood and thunder tragedy," "Hamlet," as written by William Shakespeare, presents characters who use poisoning, bloody murder, suicide, feigned and real insanity, together with the eternal ghost, as means to obtain their objectives and to display the seamy side of human life. In all this portrayal of villainy, Queen Gertrude is the prime mover, the chief cause, as a woman might well be, whose unbridled passions demand free rein; whether good or evil, happiness or misery, life or death will or will not follow in the trail of her plans. To estimate her personal disposition, an expression of Tennyson will serve admirably. In describing women, this great author says, "Men at most differ as heaven and earth, but women, worst and best, as heaven and hell." Queen Gertrude belongs to the worst, and like the worst, she is ready to bear patiently the evil which she has created. If men are women's playthings, and women the devil's, Queen Gertrude takes her part as the latter plaything with the utmost success. At present she might be classified as a "Dumb Dora", one who plays men for suckers.

King Claudius is the first of the suckers to strike at Queen Gertrude's bait. In marrying her, he shows what is usual in royal marriages, that politics and not love is the motive. The throne of Denmark looked more desirable in his eyes than Gertrude's person, but that person was the gateway to the throne. What sacrifice will not a man make for honor? A mere fly, like the Queen, in the ointment of fulfilled ambition had to be tolerated, but she proved to be a poisonous fly. "The female of the species is more deadly than the male," says Rudyard Kipling; good advice this, for King Claudius, but likely he never heard of it. As it was, he chose to live with the devil's plaything, if only he might be king. What risks will men not run when blinded by a sense of glory!

If Claudius, as king, did not regard Queen Gertrude with more favor than expediency dictated; she, on the other hand, did not entertain true feelings of love for him. Both King and Queen thought they were fooling each other, and they did fool each other, until the unseen force of mutual disregard pushed them over the brink of ruin together. Instead

of being bracers for each other, they foiled each other's intents and paid the price, Claudius at the point of Hamlet's sword, and Gertrude by the poisoned cup.

The poison and venom that worked the mischief had been concocted by the immoral union of King Claudius and Queen Gertrude themselves, but like all mischief of the immoral kind, so in this case, it brought sorrow, misery and even death to otherwise innocent persons. Polonius, Ophelia, Laertes, Hamlet, and others suffered innocently for the uncurbed passion of the guilty, and to the workings of this uncurbed passion, Queen Gertrude was not only accessory, but she consciously supported its evil influences. By the force of her vice-ridden soul, she reduced all who came under her sway to the common denominator of sin, death itself.

When considering her seeming, motherly kindness towards her son, Hamlet, the indictment brought against her will at first blush appear unwarranted. Evidence of maternal affection for her son often run through her words and through her attitude towards him. Even the drinking to his success in his duel with Laertes — the drink which caused her own death—suggests a motherly interest in her son, but this motherly bearing is all sham. In her conversations with King Claudius, the murderer of her first husband, she plots the ruin of Hamlet as coldly as if he were a dangerous enemy to her life and happiness. In dissimulation she is consummate-

ly skillful. The dialogue in the Queen's closet (Scene IV, Act III) is a stock example of insincerity:

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Hamlet. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

To the close of this dialogue, Hamlet seeks to make his mother, the Queen, confess to her partnership in the murder of her first husband. The evasions and indirections evident in her answers are clothed in a motherly kindness that, under the circumstances, is revolting to Hamlet. He knows that she is guarding a secret, the very secret he will have her betray. In lieu of being compliant, her shallow motherly feelings turn to stone, and she roundly berates her son:

Queen: What have I done, that thou
darest wag thy tongue
in noise so rude against
me?

Finally, Hamlet's burning words produce a dire effect on his mother's feelings. He gives her a "third degree" in withering phrases, but the confession he wants is not forthcoming. She will only admit that his words pierce her soul, but her soul, hardened by incest and murder, is ruled by the demon of silence.

Hamlet is foiled in his attempt at making his mother admit complicity in the murder of her first husband. He could not have expected anything else, had he but observed that his mother, the Queen, was adept at foiling the wiles of two kings and a host of courtiers. As far as she was concerned, her secret died with her; as the devil's plaything, nothing else could be expected in her case. She has been accused of suicide; her mode of living would warrant this accusation, but there is no evidence that she knew the wine was poisoned which she drank as a wish of good luck for Hamlet in his duel with Laertes. Taking for granted that King Claudius for once was sincere in his remarks, it must be supposed that the Queen Mother was unaware of what she was doing when she drank death to herself. That she deserved the fate which overtook her is out of question. Shakespeare could not have drawn her character consistently if he had allowed her to escape the rule that "the wages of sin is death."

What an end to a life of sin! Shocking as everything is about the play, "Hamlet", there is nothing else in it that is quite so painful as is the sad fate of a mother, Queen Gertrude, whose instincts were perverted, whose heart was crushed by a consciousness of the vilest moral guilt, whose motherly feelings went astray towards husband and son, and whose lack of will power made her a dark angel of grief for her

family and her court; for both of which she should have been the motherly and regal ornament. In her person, Shakespeare gives an example of a Queen Mother misguided by weakness of character, and because of this character, equally weak in the matter of repentance for crime. In consequence, the effects of crime are upon her in the form of hypocrisy in speech and conduct, in belying her own feelings to herself, in maintaining a silence about her misdeeds that could only add to her sorrow. This silence, in particular, is phenomenal in her case because, as a woman, she should have found it hard to keep a secret. Yet this assumption concerning women may be false, for as Austin O'Malley says in his "Keystones of Thought": "They often say that women cannot keep a secret, but every woman in this world, like every man, has a hundred secrets in her soul which she hides from even herself. The more respectable she wants to be, the more certain it is that she has secrets to guard." Shakespeare, in his penetrating psychology, knew as much about women, and made of Queen Gertrude a character specimen of this truth, but added in her person a double seal for silence, namely, crime and debasement, before which every woman, like every man, will cower in abject fear—the fear of detection. But this silence is nevertheless the sign of contemptible weakness, and it makes of Queen Gertrude a contemptible character.

The St. Joseph's Collegian

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
COLLEGEVILLE, IND.

VOLUME XXIV

FEBRUARY, 1936

NUMBER FIVE



Charter Member



Staff

GEORGE C. MURESAN '36, EDITOR
HENRY GZYBOWSKI '36, ASS'T EDITOR
ROMAN ANDERSON '36, ASSOCIATE WILLIAM FRANTZ '36, ASSOCIATE
ROBERT KAPLE '36, ASSOCIATE

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

EARL FOOS '36
JOSEPH GREVENCAMP '36
THOMAS GROWNEY '36
RICHARD SCHARF '36

BERNARD SHANK '36
KENNETH COUHIG '37
LAWRENCE MORIARITY '38
WILLIAM CALLAHAN '37

DEPARTMENTS

BUSINESS

JAMES O'CONNOR '36
JOSEPH WESTHOVEN '36

CLUBS

DONALD MULDOON '36
NORMAN FISHER '37

SPORTS

ALBERT OTTENWELLER '36
FRED STEININGER '36

ALUMNI

AURELE DUROCHER '36
JOHN HOORMAN '36

LOCALS

EDWARD BUBALA '36
TIMOTHY DOODY '36

BOOKS

ANTHONY GAMBLE '36
EDWARD GRUBER '37

EXCHANGES

RICHARD TRAME '36
NORBERT DREILING '36

HUMOR

ANDREW FERENCAK '36
ROBERT HOEVEL '36

ART

FABIAN ORIS '36

FACULTY SUPERVISORS

REV. M. B. KOESTER, C.P.P.S.

REV. S. H. LEY, C.P.P.S.



EDITORIALS



The Old Idea—Safety First

Advertisements glaring from the inside and outside of magazines, from billboards, posters, placards, coupons—just from everything—praise the fabulous speed of modern streamlined automobiles. Fast cars which eat up mileage by the hundred per hour are undoubtedly an enticing means of locomotion. They may even be a blessing in the hands of the right person. But the right persons are not always as plentiful as speedy cars. In consequence, terrible accidents and shocking deaths by the thousands occur to offset the pleasing glare of advertisements and the joy of dizzy speeding.

Traffic laws have been made and enforced, but what these laws say, and what is accomplished by enforcing them can hardly keep pace with new inventions for speed. These inventions will always appeal to the mania of the maniac more directly than laws devised for public safety. The appalling result is a holocaust of 36,000 persons offered to the speed demon in 1935. Not all these deaths, of course, were due to speed demonism, for carelessness and awkwardness at the steering wheel come in for their share of

these horrid honors likewise.

What can be done to remedy this disastrous condition? The automobile manufacturers are creating every means for safety imaginable, but there are two factors in safety which are beyond their control. These are the road and the man at the wheel. The government is doing all in its power to make the road safe; but to make the man at the wheel safe, only education in the requirements for safety can achieve this end. Hence, more rigid examination should be given every prospective driver applying for a driver's license in order to determine definitely whether he possesses that required normal, common sense which will justify letting him handle a car on the road. Plain common sense will always be the chief factor in matters pertaining to public safety.

G. C. M.

Interest in School Journals

It should not require any argument to induce students to take interest in their own school journal or in scholastic publications generally. This interest should show itself

in willingness to make contributions to the publication which is the exponent of the ideals of their own school and to support that publication by at least a show of good will. The local school journal is a handy medium through which a student can give expression to his own thoughts on matters belonging to education, and once he discovers the personal benefit in thus expressing himself, he will become increasingly anxious to avail himself of the opportunity.

One of the outstanding benefits which students may derive from contributing to their journal is the criticism of their fellows. It is always interesting to know what others think of one's own individual self. Within their own group, students are probably more frank and honest in giving opinions of one an-

other—opinions that really count—than anybody outside of their number, particularly grown-ups, could possibly be. Where others might incline to leniency and sympathy, the fellow student will not hesitate to say what he thinks. Hence, there is commonly great value in his opinions and criticism.

A school journal, furthermore, reflects the general run of student activities. If a student sees his name mentioned frequently in connection with these activities, he will have evidence that he is up and doing; if his name occurs but seldom, or worse still, not at all, it is time for him to wake up and show that he is alive. As a gage for a student's intellectual progress and for his influence in school activities, the school journal is the best and most handy means.

H. G.





EXCHANGES



The exchange editors of the *Collegian* feel that sometimes, in fact quite often, they have been too lenient in furnishing their quota of praise while commenting on the value of the many exchanges that reach their desk. They feel conscious of handing out too many bouquets, and they fear that to the nature of their criticisms a certain aroma clings that reeks of flattery more than it expresses real opinion as to the merits and shortcomings of the various articles. After the reviews have been made there is always that certain ugly, scrupulous impression as to whether the judgment given was correct and honest.

In defense let us say that our opinions are given honestly, without the least taint of flattery or malice. If, in our mind, a story, essay, or poem is good we truthfully say so. Naturally when criticising the works of superior students many flaws and weaknesses apparent to more mature minds escape us. Then too, it is our firm belief that a bouquet is always more fitting for the living than is a wreath.

We often wonder why everyone is more than anxious to read the various Quarterlies from cover to cover. Is it the literary tone of these magazines, the usually attractive appearance of the cover, the stories or essays, the poetry or the editorials, or maybe even the jokes? Of course the Quarterlies contain every

one of these items in a form that is customarily superior to that shown by the ordinary monthly publications. Anyone, therefore, who has that certain literary taste which craves for well written material will find his desires satiated by delving into the pages of the current, popular Quarterlies. These publications are rare treats to exchange editors because little in them will admit of adverse criticism. Since these periodicals do possess such a remarkable tone of refinement, we are again devoting an entire exchange column to *The Clepsydra*, from Mundelein College, Chicago, and *The Black Hawk*, from Mount Mary College, Milwaukee. The exchange editors wish to congratulate the staffs of both of these Quarterlies for meriting All American Honor Rating from the National Scholastic Press Association.

The Clepsydra, that delightful quarterly from Mundelein College, Chicago, is a magazine as unique as its name. The journal contains pages and pages of real, substantial, and pleasant reading material. The poems, essays, and short stories are all handled with a skill that speaks of training and labor in this specific field of college education.

In the autumn number the serious essay, "In Defense of a Favorite," throws a new and instructive light on the famed social and historical figure of Marie Antoinette. The author, Miss Alice Young,

fearlessly criticises Stefan Zweig for his virulent work, "Marie Antoinette, the Life of an Average Woman." Miss Young does a fine job of proving that her favorite was anything but an "average" woman. Because of its interesting wealth of material, its sincerity and its truthfulness, this essay does a great honor both to Miss Young and to the magazine itself.

We pleasantly noticed that this issue of *The Clepsydra* was appropriately dedicated "to the holy memory of her who has made possible the materialization and articulation of youth's thoughts and desires—Mother Mary Isabella, B.V.M." Three essays, "Life More Abundant," "The Artist and Educator," and "The Foundress," had this holy woman as their subject, and the authors spared no effort in praising the virtues of this Venerable Spouse of Christ.

In "Passage Deferred" we have a short story that is interesting, fast moving and living. Miss Roberta Christie, the author, clearly shows that the Divine Hand of Providence is constantly guiding and protecting us poor mortals on earth. The beginning of this story seems to be jumbled and somewhat vague, but as it steadily continues, a cleverly conceived plot is unraveled. The author shows promise as a future story writer.

An imaginary conversation between the "Moon and Sun" becomes a melodic and rhythmical poem that has a soothing sentiment lilting through it. Here are the closing lines:

"Oh, thou art warm and regal on thy
solitary throne.
And I am cold and lonely, but thy
image cast in stone.

I bathe the pallid death mask of the
world in silver rain;
Thou reachest out thy warm, light hand
and makest it live again.
Oh, must I ever live, a feeble counter-
feit of thee,
To follow, hail, love, hate, reflect, and
never yet to be?"

Another poem deserving of reprint is a beautiful quatrain entitled, "Enfant Terrible."

"Night sits knitting a black wool shawl
To hide the earth from day,
But mischievous Dawn slips softly in
And ravel's it all away."

In *The Black Hawk* we find every evidence of a carefully planned and artistically executed publication. Poems, essays, stories and departments all savor of the refreshing touch of art and beauty. It would seem, upon carefully scrutinizing this quarterly, that its contributors are making a pleasing attempt at modern Romanticism. Every pretense at aesthetic beauty can be found peeking from its pages. After all, beauty is literature's most revered and loved possession, and the staff of *The Black Hawk* seems fully to understand and appreciate this.

An example of the modern detective story, with all its suspense, mystery and crime, can be found in Miss Helen Ann Fruth's story, "The Emerald Eye." This article displays a fertile imagination and a true literary ability. The ending, however, is a little too ideal, considering the type of characters involved. Then too, the dialogue does not always fit the speaker. For instance, having Detective Wilson become excited and speak in a hurried manner. These are minor errors

EXCHANGES

that can be easily corrected.

The varied and numerous poems in *The Black Hawk* give concrete proof of the veracity of Keat's words:

"The poetry of earth is ceasing never."

Throughout this quarterly the reader will find beautiful songs about nature, tranquil poems about peace, and charming verse about love. These poems prove the statement that poetry is the overflowing of the soul. Here is an example from a poem called "Hoofprints."

"As I dreamed——

Love came riding a white charger

With red plumes flying.

But in passing——

Trampled my heart beneath its feet

And left me crying."

The staff artists, the Misses Eva Christiano and Alice Dereszynski, are indeed a valuable asset to the personnel of *The Black Hawk*, for their drawings clearly portray in pen sketches what a beautiful poem says in words. This harmony is what distinguishes the work presented in this publication.

From way out west in Kansas come a few very interesting observations. The following remarks are reprinted from *The Cadet Journal*, St. Joseph's Military Academy, Hays, Kansas.

SWEET YOUNG THING IS FAR FROM POLITE AT OHIO STATE

Columbus, Ohio (ACP). "The average male student is so much more polite than the average co-ed that it's far from funny.

According to the standards of good manners laid down by the Emily Posts

of the land, young women should smile and whisper "thank you" in response for small favors. Maybe some women do, but co-eds do not, at least they don't at Ohio State.

An ambitious and curious young man at that school stood beside a much used door recently and opened it for everyone who approached.

Only two out of every fifteen co-eds said "thank you" for the favor, while only one out of every fifteen men neglected to do so. Most of the co-eds, the experimenter reported, seemed to feel that the door was opening of its own accord, probably in deference to their beauty."

The exchange editors wish to express their appreciation to the staffs of the following magazines received: *The Collegian* (St. Mary's College); *The Tower* (St. Lawrence College); *The Scriptorium* (St. Scholastica College); *Xaverian News* (St. Xavier College); *St. Vincent Journal* (St. Vincent's College); *The Duquesne Monthly* (Duquesne University); *Marywood College Bayleaf* (Marywood College); *The Gleanor* (St. Joseph's College); *The Exponent* (Dayton University); *The Pacific Star* (Mount Angel College); *The Aurora* (St. Mary-of-the-Woods College); *The Cadet Journal* (St. Joseph's Military Academy); *The Chimes* (Cathedral College); *The Canisius Quarterly* (Canisius College); *The Sketch* (Iowa State College); *The Aquinas* (St. Thomas College); *The Loyola Quarterly* (Loyola University); *St. Edward's Echo* (St. Edward's University); *The Wag* (Routt High School); *The Ritan* (St. Rita's High School).



WHITE HAWTHORN

By Lucille Papin Borden

White Hawthorn is the rather strange, yet suggestive title of Lucille Borden's latest novel, an historical romance. The name suggests the purity of living saints, who are a delight to all people, and the foulness of pampered satellites, who are a constant thorn in the side of the world.

Is *White Hawthorn* merely the dreary recounting of some wholly forgotten, little incident of history? On the contrary, this novel is fresh, appealing to the historian, to the litterateur, and to the ordinary reader. It is the story of a wee maid, Fiorenza Valetta, the white hawthorn, who dances her way not only into the novel but through life. "A firefly had lighted on the old bridge and brightened its every angle. A bird had fluttered from some garden to sing a thrilling song. An elf had lost itself in new surroundings, and made them its own." Like the firefly she is, Fiorenza flits into the life of Johanna, Queen of Naples, into the House of the Buondelmontes, and into the lives of others of prominence; like a firefly too she darts into the fire of charity of Birgitta Gudmarsson and her daughter Katerina, the two lovely saints of Sweden.

The story is laid in Italy during that period when feudalism was at its worst, an age when magnificence and luxury were

at their extremes. The era, not being wholly good, was neither wholly bad. The envious Queen of Naples, sadistic Boccaccio, and the grasping parents of Fiorenza, representing the lawless, turbulent elements, are contrasted with the two saintly Gudmarssons, the Buondelmontes, both husband and wife thoroughly noble and the perfect representatives of Christian charity, the innocent yet almost worldly Fiorenza, her kindly but blase sister, Mysia, the heroic Conte Stefano da Morra, Knight Commander of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, courageous and disillusioned Kenneth Starforth, the incognito son of the King of England.

Fiorenza, the youngest daughter of Dion and Lelia Valetta, is saved from the sordid life to which her sisters had been driven by a drunken lout of a father. Kenneth Starforth, the forgotten son of the King of England, befriends her, only to lose his heart to her. But Fiorenza's love does not stay with her long, for he leaves Italy to join the Knights Hospitallers in their crusade to the Holy Land. Manente Buondelmonte and his wife, Lapa, out of the kindness of their hearts, receive into their home this pitiful bundle of humanity. Mysia, Fiorenza's beloved, is delighted at this, for she has been trying to get her sister out of the avaricious hands of her

parents. However, Mysia, the worldly, does not reform; in her haphazard and deluded way she tries to seek happiness in marriage. After three attempts she is careening down the road to perdition, but is bent from her course of self destruction through the influence of the saintly Birgitta. Yes, history repeats itself. The sinner wept; Mary Magdalene lived once again. Fiorenza, too, rejoices in her sister's return to God, and for five years grows up happily under the care of Birgitta in Rome. In the end, kneeling before the tomb of the chief of the apostles where she sobs out her story of love for her hero, she again meets her English knight, the only one to escape unharmed from a Turkish massacre.

Journeys from one city of Italy to another under armed escort, over highways beset with robbers; scenes at the court of Queen Johanna, where Petrarch sings to Laura; beautiful and stirring scenes in monastery, castle, and St. Peter's at Rome; a plot whose interest is heightened by the mystery that surrounds three of the chief characters—all these are found in Fiorenza's story.

White Hawthorn is an historically accurate and balanced reconstruction of Italian society of six centuries ago. The characters, as created and portrayed by the author, although romantic and ideal, are real. They live. The dialog is wonderfully adapted to the nature of the characters. Lucille Borden, in my opinion, has written a far better book this time than were two of her other novels, *The Candlestick Makers* and *Silver Trumpets Calling*. The book is fresh, its lines of reasoning easily intelligible, the style unaffected. So colorful and harmonious is the story that the reader en-

joys it from beginning to end.

The spirituality that is in the book does not loom over one like a threat; it rather gleams through as an inspiration. Although Mrs. Borden's novels cannot be classified as spiritual reading, yet at no single moment is a sane and rich spirituality absent from them.

A. G. '36

A TALE OF TWO CITIES—a movie

After successfully filming "David Copperfield" and endowing it with the "comme il faut" flavor of Charles Dickens, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer now has produced his other classic, "A Tale of Two Cities." Undoubtedly the task of transcribing this tempestuous story of intrigue and danger of French Revolution days to the screen was greater than that of transcribing its predecessor, but producer David Selznick has succeeded in assimilating a modernized yet authentic version of a story that should be well known to every man and woman. From the opening scene of a stage coach being pulled through the mud of an English road to the stirring finale when Carton mounts the guillotine amidst the cheering of the blood-thirsty populace of Paris, this production challenges the beauty, power and intensity of the unforgettable "David Copperfield."

The picture opens with Lucie Manette (Elizabeth Allan) learning that her father, Dr. Manette (Henry B. Walthall), has been delivered from the Bastille, where for eighteen years he labored and suffered, and is now hidden in the home of a Parisian wine merchant.

While returning from Paris, Lucie meets Charles Darnay (Donald Woods), who being displeased with his uncle's

absolutism, seeks refuge in London. His uncle, the Marquis St. Evremonde (Basil Rathbone), has him framed and tried for treason, but the brilliant drunkard and cynical lawyer, Sydney Carton (Ronald Colman), successfully defends him. During the trial, Lucie, now the fiancée of Charles Darnay, becomes acquainted with the handsome lawyer. From that moment Carton's love for Lucie becomes the moving force in his life, and years later when the revolution flares in France and Darnay is condemned to die, Carton sacrifices himself to save Darnay for Lucie. He thereby proves his undying love and in death receives the only love he ever knew—the love and admiration of a humble seamstress (Isabel Jewell).

A tremendous cast of eight thousand people, eighteen months of conscientious research before a camera was ever turned, two years of almost continuous labor, and the exact reproduction of Paris and London as they were in French Revolution days, are all cleverly combined in the greatest story of love ever to come out of Hollywood.

The entire plot centers around the figures of Sydney Carton, that handsome, brilliant, ne'er-do-well lawyer, who rose to unbelievable heights of sacrifice for the woman he loved. Ronald Colman, portraying this role, gives the best performance seen on the screen in a long time. It is said Mr. Colman had always been anxious to enact this role on the screen. Now that his wishes were granted, who will question his ability to interpret the character of Sydney Carton, that

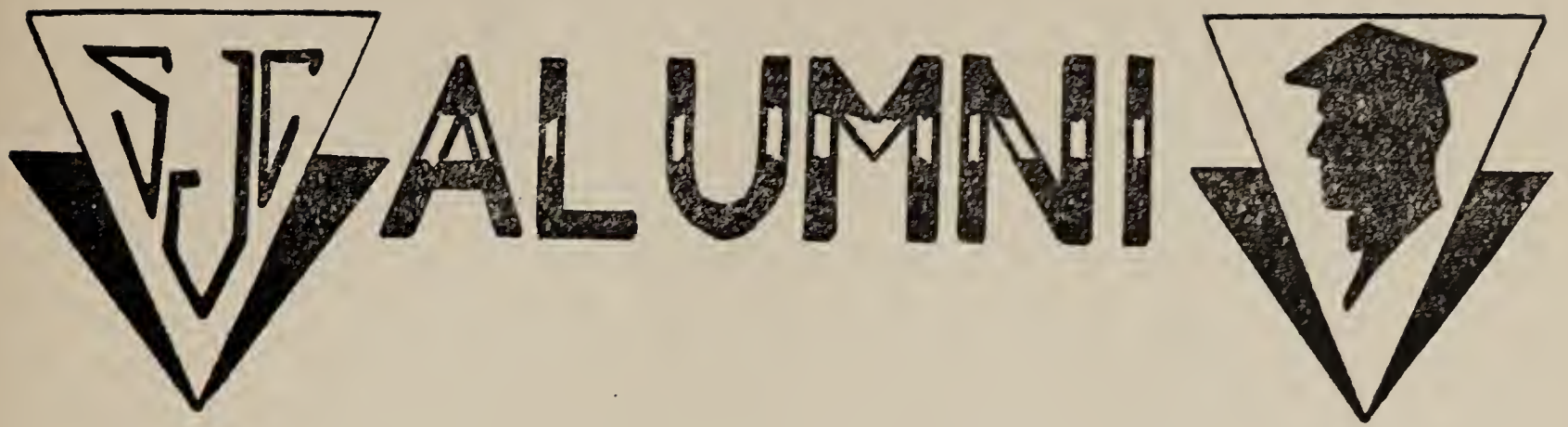
immortal creation from the subtle pen of Charles Dickens?

Elizabeth Allan's portrayal of Lucie is admirably done, and Basil Rathbone as the haughty Marquis does another superb characterization of a "mean" man. Donald Woods, in the role of Charles Darnay, adds another feather to his cap, and Edna May Oliver as the domineering Miss Pross nearly equals the heights she achieved as David Copperfield's aunt. Next to Mr. Colman, in my mind, Blanche Yurka as Mme. Defarge, the hater of aristocrats and the sword that continually pierced the heart of innocent Lucie Manette, turns out the best performance.

In casting Ronald Colman as Sydney Carton, and Donald Woods as Charles Darnay, the directors overlooked the fact that these two men were supposed to be similar in appearance. The cinema was so produced that this resemblance was not necessary except at the end when Carton faced the guillotine. At that time the unlikeness of the men proved rather a grave oversight.

"A Tale of Two Cities" is a masterpiece built around the skeleton designed by a novelist of genius. The seething background of London and Paris during the Reign of Terror lends a sincere and authentic detail. This cinema comes to you with all the robust tumult and tender passion of the original. With this vehicle of entertainment M-G-M climaxes a year of hits that will live in your hearts forever.

Richard Trame '36



CALUMET ALUMNI MEETING

The spirit of cooperation and good fellowship seems to have no bounds in the Calumet District Branch of St. Joseph's Alumni Association. This was again plainly exemplified in the last meeting of this unit, held December 30, 1935. The purpose of this meeting was to take stock of the past year's achievements and to entertain the college students who were home on Christmas vacation.

Looking over the past year the Calumet branch found that it was one of eminent success. The responsive attitude taken by each of the members toward the unit was one of the encouraging notes giving cause for congratulation. The tireless activity and enthusiasm likewise shown by the officers did much to make a successful year. Realizing these patent factors, the members by a unanimous vote re-elected the old officers for the coming year.

The high spot of the meeting, however, was the entertainment, a dinner given for the college students. At this dinner, we are told by some of the guest students, the spirit characterizing the branch was clearly manifested. These students feel highly grateful for the hospitality shown them, and hereby thank the Calumet Branch from the bottom of their hearts. The COLLEGIAN also wishes this progressive unit an active, successful year.

AUTHOR DE LUXE

So one of our boys has turned author! This and similar comments have recently been floating about the campus. The young author is Joseph C. Boarman, who attended St. Joseph's for a few months in the fall of 1931. Because of sickness he was obliged to discontinue studies at the time, and during a long convalescence he read and studied the works of Dickens. The volume, *Boz, An Intimate Biography of Charles Dickens*, is the result of this and subsequent attention to the works of the great English man of letters.

We have not had sufficient time as yet to examine the attractive biography critically, but we have read enough of it to know that we are going to enjoy it. The COLLEGIAN will carry a review of it in the March number.

MR. A. L. MENSE

A copy of the *Aetna-Izer*, an insurance publication, found its way to the college not long ago; in it was an item which compels us to commit its contents to the columns of this department. The article has to do with congratulating one, Mr. A. L. Mense '07, whose success in an insurance agency seems to have been phenomenal. Our pleasure is very great at hearing such gratifying news of an old graduate. We share the pleasure of

the *Aetna-Izer* in recording this item. According to this magazine, Mr. Mense has been "stepping along in fine shape" with auguries of doing much more successfully in the future. The COLLE-

GIAN, therefore, in the name of the college, extends whole-hearted congratulations to Mr. Mense on his good fortune, and feels sure that his path will continue upward.

The Mirror Lake

by

Frederic Steininger '37

A mystery deep of azure blue
Where heaven's smiling face looks through
Is yonder lake
That seems an eye
By which the earth looks at the sky.

Its rippling waves unite to sing
In liquid notes, a wondrous thing,
Which tells of joys,
Of loves and dreams
And draws from life its many themes.

When on my brow, an earnest mien
Displays a mood of ruffled spleen
I turn my steps
To that sweet shore
Where patience speaks in watery lore.

And there my mind soon comes to rest
When I behold that placid breast
Where sky and earth
Their converse hold
And spread their counsels manifold.

There mirrored in that lake I scan
A piece of heaven's mighty span
And see the high
Brought down to clay
Where human hearts will pass away.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



Fate played the fairy godmother at Notre Dame on the brisk winter morning of December 28, magically changing class bells into wedding bells. Re-

Wedding Bells

turning to a campus of fond memories, a former blue and gold warrior lightly trod a path through the new snow which led to the historic old Log Chapel. At his side a young lady, keeping step with his stride and joy, smiled at his merry gait. Now she was a part of the crowning achievement of all that passed under the "golden dome" in the life of Notre Dame's successful son; she was marching with him to the altar. Within this quaint little chapel Madeline Elizabeth Van Renterghem and our own coach, Raymond De Cook, pledged their troth.

The wedding, simple but striking, was attended by the immediate families of the couple. After the ceremonies a festive reception dinner was served at the bride's home in Mishawaka. At the end of the eventful day the happy pair traveled to Chicago, where they enjoyed a brief stay.

And now in the directory of the city of Rensselaer there is a new entry:

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond L. DeCook,
331 North College Avenue.

The COLLEGIAN wishes you both the utmost happiness and God's blessing upon

your married life. May the dulcet chimes of your wedding bells never lose their sweetness as they blend into your life of conjugal bliss.



Wednesday evening, January 8, the huskies of St. Joseph's 1935 football squad gathered in the banquet hall for the post-season celebration.

Football Banquet

Upon their entrance, the sharp eyes of the gridiron prancers popped wide open, for in front of them, resting upon neatly covered tables, was a bill of fare which well showed the appreciation of the school toward the team for its wonderful work during the past season.

After the sumptuous repast, there followed the usual after dinner speeches by the faculty members present: Father Koenn, toast-master and athletic director; Father Kenkel, rector; Father Scheidler, economist; Father Knue, chemistry professor; and Mr. Raymond DeCook, coach. All gave the team praise for the inspiring battles they had fought against great odds, adding words of encouragement to the hopeful gridmen of 1936.

Coach DeCook then presented letter awards to fourteen men. First to receive these were the three departing seniors: Joseph Smolar, Fred Steininger, and Leslie Henrikson. These veterans were of

course requested to say a few words. "Encyclopedia Joe" Smolar, the brainy quarterback, reviewed the stirring thrills of his three years of service. "Bang-up" Steininger exclaimed, "I really like to play with you fellows." "Utility Ham" Henrikson challenged, "You can't stick me on the pointers of any position." Foos, Dreiling, Scharf, Hatton, Glorioso, Badke, O'Keefe, Jones, Bonifas, Johnson, and Kosalko then received the cardinal and purple J's.

After the feast, half-backs, guards and tackles, ends and centers, wearing dressy suits instead of football togs, and slouched hats instead of shock-proof helmets, hustled to town for the evening.



Some one has said: "You can't sell a St. Joe student something that isn't good." There is much

Quartet truth in this comment;
Entertains its veracity is increased
if it refers to the stu-

dents as a group. At St. Joe, a keen appreciation for the better is obviously cultivated: good shows and excellent musical recitals are attended with keen delight and genuine appreciation. From this habit the student learns to ably discriminate the polished performance from the mediocre; he becomes critical, and his criticisms are of value. When, therefore, the group reaction to a program is that of disappointment there is something wrong with that program. This was the case on the evening of January 12.

On that evening "The International Four," a quartet of the Northwest Assemblies, presented, in both group and solo singing, a recital of varied music

from several countries. A disappointed studentbody had no candid praise for that program. Perhaps it was because quartets of better quality have been developed on our own campus. Then too an experienced company of singers had been expected, but a foursome of music students bashfully introduced themselves after the curtain had risen.

Not to be too harsh on the vocalists, it must be noted that the personnel of this quartet consisted of aspirants to the art of song and harmony. Each member in his own right is a soloist zealously striving to attain the finish of a true musician. The quartet is at present in the mere embryo stage. Perhaps at the completion of their studies, with time allowed for experience, these four young men will develop into a quartet worthy of national fame.

Here are the names of the members of the "International Four," together with their colleges: Paul R. Strand, basso, is a senior in the University of Minnesota School of Music; Ben Melton, baritone, has been attending the Minneapolis College of Music; John Moan, Jr., second tenor, has received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Concordia College (Minn.) and is seeking further laurels at the University of Minnesota; Alvin Hexem, lyric tenor, is a graduate of Augsburg College and is now continuing his studies at the MacPhail School of Music.

Because these young men are eager students like ourselves we sincerely wish them success in their endeavors. We suggest to the Northwest Assemblies, however, that they present talent which they advertise. A disappointed audience is a severe critic.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS

Cold winds howling through the pines;
snow drifting in Alpine fashion; rough
ice doming the lonely
June lake; frost curtaining
in January the windows: all this
created a picture of an
ideal January day at Collegeville. Yet,
through the bleakness a warm breeze,
scented with blossoms and lilacs, bringing
the fragrance of spring, drifted through
"Senior Residence." Each member in-
haled its sweetness and glowed with
happy anticipation. Lost in the vision
of bright June days, the Seniors donned
their "occasion" suits, knotted their best
ties, and set out for town. Maybe it
was snowing; perhaps the thermometer
hovered close to zero; but the pulses
beating in tempo with the chirping of
robins ignored the reality of the elements.
Their destination was singular; their mo-
tive one. Parker's studio was the des-
tination; graduation pictures, the pur-
pose.

Posing in cap and gown, each Senior
foretasted the festivity of graduation.
The nectar of achievement; the cham-
pagne of accomplishment, the bitters of
departure, effervesced to a delicate wine,
aged through school years of association,
flowed from Seniors' chalice. Its peculiar
savor puzzled the palate but flowed un-
checked.

Dim eyes on smiling countenances are
peculiarly difficult to explain, but things
like this happen at the taking of gradua-
tion pictures.

The Hero and the Sweater

Henrikson, at last, a "J" did win;
Oh! for that was his aim.
Now, writers write and
Critics claim, women shout "Bravo!"

And boys proclaim:

"Such a deer-like end and tackle;
Ferocious, tiger-like center and guard
Par excellence, oui, oui!
The like St. Joseph's did never chance
to see.

He played for Cy
And Rosy, too, yes sir!
Food for headlines,
"Utility Ham,"
That's his name.
Hear me, his fame
"Butch" Bonifas does put to shame.
Now, Leslie
A beautiful red sweater,
Size forty,
Did get a week or so before
The great annual banquet.
His eyes sparkled, when upon the
sweater
The "J" showed.
Then with pride
To put it on he strove,
But, lo!
The struggle was all in vain,
By Jove!
That bulging chest it would not cover.
So, swiftly homeward
A letter and the famed sweater flew:
"Mom, somehow this week
I grew.
Make the sweater size 42."

Since the last recording concerning
the progress of the new building, work
on a number of days
Until was made impossible
Next Spring because of cold, biting
winds and rather deep
snows. However, advancement continued
when work was possible. The foundation
has grown to full height; in fact, having
already shed its wooden "exoskeleton,"

the latest creation stands ready for the burden which it will soon bear. In this instance, soon means in the spring. A new foundation requires time to harden, and besides, the present inclement weather is not suitable for work on the superstructure. Consequently, further progress has been abandoned for the present. But with the dawning of spring and the resuming of building activities, Collegeville will again assume the role of a broadcasting station, sending out echoes of the workmen's tools.

●
Butterflies and Scorpions

Brother Fred Baechtel has again returned to St. Joseph's after having spent weeks at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Lafayette. We are very happy to see you once more, Brother Fred, and thank God that your most unfortunate accident brought no permanent injuries.

●
St. Joseph's is again represented at the Rensselaer Hospital. This time it is Harold Dorsten who is confined there, because of an appendectomy. At the time of writing Harold is convalescing; we hope that long before this item appears in print he will have walked through the exit door of the hospital and again joined the fellows at school.

●
Little Tommy Taylor, the combined Edison and Einstein of Collegeville, is adding to his collection of discoveries and creations an invention that may startle the scientific world. If the project on which he is now working reaches completion according to his plans, he will have produced a clock that will tell not only time but also the exact minute that the sun rises and sets, the periods at

which the moon changes, and the location of the moon.

●
Three departments of the COLLEGIAN have received some very unfavorable comments from the lower classes. Sorry, High Schoolers, if our accounts of your activities have not been sufficiently laudatory. We will try to improve in future issues: O. K.?

●
As far as we can discern, for the first time in the history of St. Joe athletics the basketball team could not travel for a game on account of the weather. With the temperature registering twenty below and transportation facilities nil, the game scheduled with Central Normal, Jan. 23, had to be postponed to Jan. 27.

●
Homer Hagman tells us that he is leaving at the end of the first semester. Good luck and "au revoir," Homer. Remember that if animal husbandry fails to hold your interest there is always the possibility of living off your voice. We refer to your ability to sing as you did that good old "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen."

●
"Cocky" Dougherty got his second glimpse of a street car last week when the news reel showed damage done to street cars in a southern storm. The first time he saw one was in South Bend, the night of the Notre Dame game. It wasn't so much the street car that amazed him; it was the fact that they did not have any horses in front that set his head spinning.

●
Your columnist is convinced that there is no Santa Claus. Anyhow he didn't

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS

answer the letter that our good publicity agent mailed him. No comptometer was received by the score keeper; no shotgun came to the timekeeper; in fact, we saw no sleds or pencils that were asked for. Could it be that our publicity agent is holding out on us?

●

Greater love than this no man has than to lay down his teeth on the court for the basketball team. That tooth-paste-ad smile of John McCarthy is gone, soon to return, however, in a pair of new false settings. Mac had the misfortune of losing two beautiful teeth during a basketball practice. Fellows, forgetting his former pulchritude, are now calling "Hi, sea hag." Don't worry, Mac, beauty is only dope deep.

●

Why is "Schnozzie" Ferencak always singing "I'm Always Thinking of You, Margie"?

●

From now on this column is open to all contributors. Names of scandal mongers will not be disclosed. Potential Walter Winchells need not worry about black eyes.

John McCarthy: My ears do tell me,
O gracious friend,
Next year thou shalt
go to the sem.

R. Hoevel: Yes, verily, it is so,
O toothless one; but
why
Of such a thing dost
thou speak?

J. McCarthy: Well, on you
For your neckties.

●

Classroom episode

Prof: History moves too quickly to write individual stories. Surely it would never record the drama of such an insignificant character.

Trame: I am sure you are correct.
Such a character is merely fictitious.

Hatton: Thank heavens, that's settled!

●

"Kid Brother" Scharf wore his R.O.T.C. uniform to town during the recent cold weather. Imagine his embarrassment when he overheard a group of girls comment: "What a cute Western Union boy St. Joe has."





COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Having completed the first lap of its yearly race, the C.L.S. has entered upon the second, with its eyes already fixed on the home stretch. It does not look with anxiety upon the future, for it rests secure in the success it has achieved in the past. If, as it is generally agreed, the C.L.S. during the first semester was a distinct improvement over that of last year, no cause can be adduced other than the efficiency of its officers and the whole-hearted cooperation of the members with them. The private programs especially were an object of pride to the C.L.S., both for their quality and for the interest which they aroused.

Unwilling to endanger its success by an unfortunate choice of leaders, the C.L.S. has exercised great care in selecting the ablest and fittest that sit in its assembly. During the ensuing semester, William Frantz, President, and Roman Anderson, Secretary, will conduct the meetings. Norbert Dreiling, Vice-President, and Lawrence Mertes, Treasurer, will do their work unobserved, while James O'Connor, Francis McCarthy, and Ambrose Lengerich, comprising the Executive Committee, will arrange the programs. Earl Foos, Critic, will do his

best to spur the members on to better efforts, and John Hoorman, Marshal, will see to it that the meetings are conducted with the proper decorum and appropriate dignity. The officers, seniors all, form a capable body, and with the unstinted cooperation of the members, should lead the club on to even greater accomplishments than it has known in the past.



NEWMAN CLUB

A noteworthy date in Newman Club history is January 19, the day on which the officers for the second semester were elected. By this time thoroughly acquainted with the qualities of leadership possessed by their various fellow Newmanites, the members of this ambitious literary organization lost no time in installing those most competent.

The various offices were filled by the following:

President, Julius Thurin; Vice-President, Norbert Schwieterman; Secretary, Ernest Lukas; Treasurer, Otto Diller; Critic, Edmund Ryan.

The executive committee is composed of John Bannon, Robert Danehy and Cornelius Wiemels.

The determination of the members at

the time of the club's organization in September has become more pronounced with the succeeding months, and it is this fact which prompts our expectations for a highly successful Newman year.

The "Spotlighters" extend their congratulations to the new officers under whose guidance we expect the Newmanites to make steady progress towards the attaining of their goal — dramatic perfection.



DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Of all the organizations at St. Joseph's, the D.M.U. has the greatest purpose and the loftiest aim. It is organized in the first place to extend help, both spiritual and material, to the home and foreign missions, and in the second place to promote the Catholic Action movement. As such it deserves the backing and cooperation of every student attending this college.

In its monthly meetings the club transacts all business relative to its mission work, and presents a program designed to entertain its members and furnish them information on the progress and different aspects of the Catholic Action movement. Every student that feels within himself any ardor at all for the work of the missions should make it a point not only to attend these meetings but also to take an active part in them.



RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

It is both interesting and entertaining to observe the change of the personal atmosphere of the Raleigh Club when Collegeville's Public Nuisance, Number One—examinations—makes its quarterly appearance. Like an insidious epidemic the exams spare no one, and fortunate

is he who emerges without a blemish. The first siege of the new 1936 series arrived early on the morning of January 29. Simultaneous with its approach, the Raleigh Club cast off its customary mood of joviality; recreation time was occupied with study, and the clubrooms became a quasi-studyhall. Countenances formerly as bright as Ariel became as gloomy as Sisyphus during the four-day plague. By Saturday noon, however, the last vestige of fear was removed, and the club rooms once again resound with the lightsome laughter of carefree students.

The Raleigh Club enters the second semester intent on carrying out its policy of affording its members more extensive recreation. Our pens are itching for the pleasure of scratching out an account of a program as they did in the earlier issues. Anxiously we are awaiting an encore of the highly successful "Amateur" program presented in December.

Everyone was pleased at the recent appointment of Kenneth Couhig to the office of Vice-President. His pleasing personality will add much to the personnel of the executive staff.



MONOGRAM CLUB

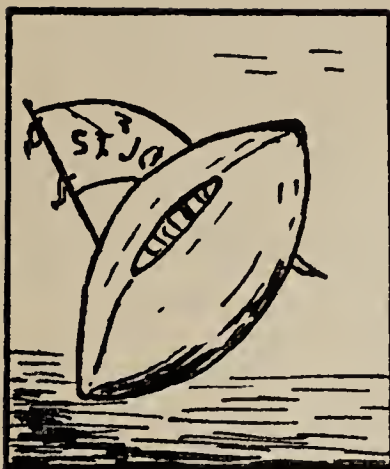
No longer does the Monogram club enjoy the distinction of being the most quiet and peaceful place on the campus. Since Christmas vacation it has been veritably humming with activity under the direction of its honorable president, "Norb" Dreiling. The reason for this sudden transformation is the forthcoming raffle to take place February 15. The response of the club members to the advisability of holding a second raffle is evinced by their determination to make this one more successful than that held

during the football season. The occasion for the raffle is the Notre Dame basketball game, and the grand prize will be the ball used in that game. All the Monogram men are busily engaged in selling chances; even the basketball players—burdened as they are with their own troubles—are spending their few leisure moments dispensing the tickets. Their ability as salesmen, combined with the value of the prize and the real school spirit of the students, assures the

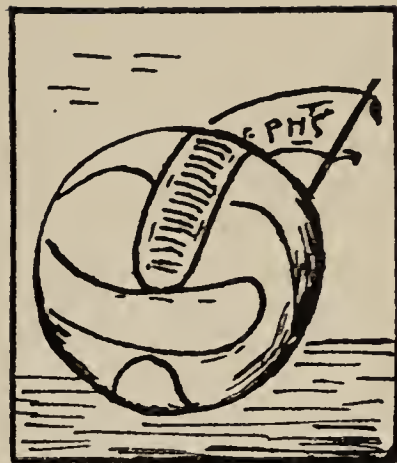
Monogram Club of another big success. We know someone will be happy at the result of the raffle; we hope we shall all rejoice at the result of the game.

The membership of the Monogram Club was augmented on the evening of January 8, when six students received their first monogram at the annual football banquet. The "Spotlighters" take pleasure in expressing their congratulations to these fortunate students.





SPORTS



Gallagher Drops St. Joe 40-31

Pre-Christmas Defeat is Card's Seventh in Row

Although at times it was poised for victory, St. Joe's Cardinal had its feathers badly plucked by a rangy Gallagher quintet. In this pre-Christmas game, which was a thriller to watch, the Cards were defeated because of their ability to miss shots of the simplest nature, for although at times their play sparkled with precision and they appeared superior to their rivals they too easily slipped back to their mediocre style of basketball.

Searching desperately for a winning combination, Coach DeCook injected new blood into the Cardinal machine: the entire second team started the game for St. Joe, a team that specialized in passing. The strength and guarding ability of a tall Gallagher quintet paralyzed their usual snappy offense and frequently swept down the court to score costly sleeper buckets. McCarthy and Diedrich, Cardinal ball handlers, kept the spectators on the edge of their seats with net-tickling long shots, but it was next to impossible for the Cards to guard Graft, who sent in a barrage of angle shots that would have made Ripley's "Believe It or Not"

about as sensational as an obituary column, and ran the count to 18-8 against St. Joe. At this point in the encounter DeCook, in an effort to stem the tide of baskets for the Illinois business men, trotted a new team onto the floor. The half whistle blew with the score 21-9 in favor of Gallagher.

The Cardinal cheering section yelled like mad at the start of the second period as St. Joe put its iron in the fire with a thrilling display of offensive basketball. With about eight minutes to play St. Joe had hewn Gallagher's lead down to 29-25, and seemed destined to push through to victory, but again Graft, artist of the slop shot, unleashed his impossibles to put Gallagher far out in front; so far that St. Joe could not reach them with a last minute splurge of points. The game ended 40-31 in Gallagher's favor.

Graft, with eight baskets and four charity tosses, was easily the star of the evening; "Red" Van Nevel and "Maxie" McCarthy were top performers for St. Joe, with eight and six points respectively.

Gallagher Business College 40				St. Joseph's 31			
	B	F	P		B	F	P
Graft f	8	4	2	Diedrich f	1	0	0
Anderson f	4	0	1	Badke f	2	0	2
Schipper c	0	1	2	McCarthy f	3	0	2
Richards g	0	2	1	Scharf f	1	2	1
Martins g	0	0	1	Ottenweller (c) c	0	0	1
Kerr g	5	0	1	Hatton c	0	2	1
	<hr/>			Anderson g	1	0	0
	17	7	8	Johnson g	1	0	0
				Weyer g	0	0	0
				Van Nevel g	4	0	2
					<hr/>		
					13	4	9

Cardinals Ring Up 43-27 Win Over Kokomo Jr. College
St. Joe Plays "Wonder Game"

The Cardinals finally acquired the victory bug and greased the skids for Kokomo Junior College by displaying a strictly Hoosier brand of fire department basketball. After losing seven straight games, the Cards courageously slapped Dame Fortune's face with a 43-27 victory.

Leading throughout the contest, the Cardinals kept Kokomo trailing by more than ten points at all times. It was an entirely different affair from the one staged on the Hedgeworth Gym floor at Kokomo, where the Cards were the victims of a narrow defeat in a seesaw contest that ended in a score of 27-26.

After successive displays of loose basketball technique, St. Joe exhibited its finest offense attack on the home floor this year. Working in rhythmic fashion, the passing and floor work completely baffled the Kokomo Juniors, and shot after shot found the hoop. Long shots were taboo, as the Cards specialized in dribble-in, underneath-the-basket, and combination passing shots. Yes, their offense bordered on brilliancy.

The Cards, not to be outdone in any department of the game, presented an

almost "airtight" defensive. Keeping Kokomo at a safe distance from the basket and repeatedly breaking up their passes, they forced the downstaters to seek their points via long and circus shots.

Badke and Scharf, St. Joe's big guns for the evening, chalked up eleven and ten points respectively. With skill they sank shots from all spots on the floor. Ed Andres, Bob Hatton, and McCarthy were the Cards' lighter artillery.

Hankins kept Kokomo in the running by contributing thirteen points of Kokomo's twenty-seven. Duncan followed with six points.

Kokomo Junior College 27			
	B	F	P
Storbuck f	0	0	2
Jessup f	2	0	2
Hankins f	5	3	1
Leaner f	0	0	0
Hogan c	1	0	4
Duncan g	2	2	2
Stout g	0	0	4
Richards g	0	0	1
Winslow g	1	0	2
Wilson g	0	0	0
	<hr/>		
	11	5	18

SPORTS

St. Joseph's 43				Anderson g	0	0	1
	B	F	P	Weyer g	2	0	1
McCarthy (c) f	0	1	0	Dougherty g	0	1	0
Diedrich f	0	0	0	Ottenweller c	0	0	0
Scharf f	4	2	1	Moran f	1	0	0
Andres f	2	1	1				
Badke c	4	3	3				
Hatton c	2	1	3				
Van Nevel g	1	1	0				
					16	10	10
				Referee: A. Etter. Umpire: R. Etter.			

Valpo U. Downs St. Joe 52-29

Cards Weak on Shooting

Our “wonder” team that so decisively defeated Kokomo Junior College the other night went phooey and dropped back again into its old stride of missing countless shots and bungling passes. As a result they were the victims of another overwhelming defeat.

The game opened with both teams playing a very cautious brand of basketball. Valpo, however, soon began to drive up and down the floor in grand style. Shooting passes swiftly they broke St. Joe's defense wide open and found many opportunities to bombard the net with baskets. Fierke, Ruehr and Sauer, sharp-shooting Uhlans and experts of the game, were the leading performers during the first half. Passing and shifting in admirable fashion they made many fast breaks through the Cards' defense and drove under the basket to flip in nine field goals. They tallied all of the Uhlans' points in the first period. Badke pierced the net for two field goals; Scharf and McCarthy found the basket for one goal apiece. The score at the half stood 25-13 with Valpo out in front.

During the second half, the Cardinals did not improve their game in any way;

again they did not uncork anything to be proud of in regard to hitting the hoop. In fact, they muffed too many scoring opportunities in the entire game. Out of seventy-one attempts they hit the net for only twelve field goals. Valparaiso came through to sink nineteen out of fifty-nine tries.

The Cardinals also displayed great weakness on free throw conversions, converting only five out of fifteen chances; Valpo turned this weakness into strength by converting fourteen out of twenty-one charity tosses.

Valparaiso University 52

	B	F	P
Roedel f	2	3	0
Ruehr f	5	0	0
Karr f	1	0	2
Sauer c	2	3	3
Johnson g	0	2	0
Fierke g	5	4	3
Graul g	0	0	1
Baran (c) g	3	2	1
Hoffman g	1	0	1
Schoenoer g	0	0	0
	19	14	11

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

St. Joseph's 29				Van Nevel g	0	0	3
	B	F	P	Dougherty g	0	0	1
Hatton f	0	1	1	Weyer g	1	0	1
Diedrich f	1	0	0	McCarthy g	1	1	2
Scharf (c) f	2	0	2	Andres g	2	0	1
Ottenweller c	1	1	0				
Badke c	4	2	4		12	5	15
Moran c	0	0	0	Referee: A Etter. Umpire: R. Etter.			

Joliet Swamps Cards 38-24
St. Joe Baffled by Joliet Defense

Its cross court game blocked by an octopus-like defense that always seemed to have a hand ready to prevent a shot, St. Joe met its second defeat of 1936 at the hands of Joliet Junior College. Paced by Brummond and Machan the Juniors played a game that was brilliant at times and always consistent. Efficiently they worked the ball till they had an opportunity to hook in one handed shots, their specialty. Barney Badke appeared good for St. Joe, but his cleverness was never feared by Joliet, who again and again took advantage of Cardinal mistakes to drive under the basket for scores.

Jones of Joliet lent initial impetus to the fray when he started his team to victory by dumping a one hander from side court. Barney Badke held the score at 7-5 when he sank a neat under-basket flipper after a succession of free throws. At this point, however, things started looking bad for the faltering Cards, and soon they were behind to the knell of 19-7. Laying pointers were impossible with Joliet's impregnable defense, and the Cardinal and Purple were not arching any long shots until Maxie McCarthy climaxed the first half with a scorching swisher from the court to bring

the count to 25-10.

If the second half could have been isolated from the first, the Cards would have walked from the floor with victory in their grasp, for in that period they rolled up more counters than their Sucker State opponents. The Cards' play in the second half showed some semblance of coordinated team work, and passes were timed to perfection. Scoring was rather evenly divided, but Badke and Scharf drove in for most of the counters. However, the Joliet lead was too great for the Saints to reach, and so they became victims of another defeat, costly but rich in experience.

Joliet Jr. College 38

	B	F	P
Jones f	2	3	1
Brummond f	6	1	2
Machan c	3	1	3
Manthey g	2	2	2
Tessiatore g	1	1	2
Patterson f	0	0	1
Argyle g	1	0	0
Hartford g	0	0	2
	15	8	13

SPORTS

	B	F	P	McCarthy f	1	1	0
St. Joseph's 24				Moran f	1	0	0
Scharf f	1	1	0	Ottenweller c	1	0	0
Hatton f	0	0	3	Anderson g	0	0	0
Badke c	3	1	4	Johnson g	1	0	0
Weyer g	0	1	2				
Van Nevel g	0	1	0				
Diedrich f	1	0	0				
Andres f	0	1	2				
					9	6	11
				Referee: Moore. Umpire: Kurtz.			

St. Joe High Bows to Remington 24-20
Both Teams Fight Close Contest

In an exciting contest that furnished the fans at Remington High School Gym with many thrills, a snappy and greatly improved Junior Cardinal quintet suffered a heartbreaking defeat. After Remington had broken down the seven point lead piled up by the Cards in the first quarter, both teams fought a close and desperate battle until the final gun sounded. Remington's second quarter rally gave them the lead with the score of 11-9. It was this two point margin at the end of the first half that was the deciding factor of the game. St. Joe battled valiantly for three quarters to overcome this lead, but in vain. Once in the last quarter they gave a final spurt to come within one point of Remington's score. The score stood 18-17.

Ed Manderbach, Cardinal forward, gave a brilliant performance in the first quarter by finding the net for six points — two field goals and two gift shots. Jim Murphy contributed a lone point on a charity toss to end the quarter with St. Joe in the lead 7-0.

A few minutes after the second quarter had started Remington produced a rally. In rapid succession, Siela, Row-

land, and Bussel hit the hoop from the mid-court for six points. Ed Manderbach followed to sink a field goal for the Cardinals. Remington then converted two free throws to tie the score at nine all. Bussel, however, then broke the deadlock a few minutes before the half ended by slipping one in from the side, giving the lead to Remington.

In the third quarter the Remington quintet produced another rally that netted them seven more points. Thurin and Hanpeter each dropped in underneath-the-basket shots toward the end of the period to leave the Cards only five points behind at the intermission.

St. Joe gave a final spurt in the last period in an attempt to overcome Remington's lead. However, when the score was 18-17, with the Cards on the short end, Blacker, a Remington substitute, saddened their hopes of winning by sinking two pivot shots and one long heart-breaker for a total of six points. In the remaining minutes Hanpeter and Manderbach pierced the hoop for a goal each, but the final gun showed the Cards the victims of defeat.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

St. Joseph's 20

	B	F	P
Murphy g	0	1	1
Thurin (c) g	0	1	1
Doyle g	0	0	2
Moorman c	0	0	4
Hanpeter c	2	0	2
Voors f	0	1	0
Manderbach f	4	3	3
Eder f	0	0	2
<hr/>			
	7	6	15

Remington 24

	B	F	P
R. Thurston f	0	0	0
Wall f	0	0	3
Siela f	1	1	1
Blacker f	3	0	0
Rowland c	2	2	1
Shearer g	0	0	2
Thurston g	0	3	3
Bussel g	3	0	1
<hr/>			
	9	6	11

Umpire: Cox. Referee: Strole.

St. Joe High School Rings Up First Victory 27 - 17

Mt. Ayr High Victims of Junior Cardinals! Revenge!

Captain Manderbach, mainstay of the Junior Cardinals' quintet, rang up six field goals and four free throws to lead his team to a 27-17 victory over Mt. Ayr High on the Cardinals' home floor. Vindictive because of their narrow defeat in the last few minutes of an encounter with Remington High two nights previous, the Cards did not hesitate to seek their revenge at Mt. Ayr's expense.

A few minutes after the game opened, Manderbach pierced the net for the first field goal of the game. Hanpeter followed with a neatly executed pivot shot. Manderbach then found the hoop for two more field goals, both of the attempts, underneath-the-basket shots. When the quarter ended, St. Joe led by a score of eight to two, Mt. Ayr receiving their two points on gift shots made by Cypers and Yacuk.

In the second quarter the Junior Cardinals disregarded their usual slam-bang type of playing and gave the fans an exhibition of good pass offense. Since Mt. Ayr could not cope with their clever floor work, the Cards registered four more field goals. The half ended with St. Joe way out in front, 16-9.

Mt. Ayr started the second half with the fighting spirit and determination to make up for the lost time of the first two periods. The Cardinals, however, quickly changed this idea; they kept possession of the ball practically throughout the entire third quarter. In the last quarter St. Joe found the hoop for eight more points while Mt. Ayr rang up six. Hanpeter turned in second high scoring honors of the evening with seven points. McGraw, Cardinals' pint-sized forward, displayed very good floor work in this game. Jenkins carried Mt. Ayr's honors for the evening with seven points.

St. Joseph's 27

	B	F	P
Manderbach (c) f	6	4	0
Voors f	0	0	1
Hanpeter c	3	1	2
Moorman c	1	0	3
McGraw f	1	0	0
Doyle g	0	0	3
Sauer g	0	0	0
Murphy g	0	0	0
Petit g	0	0	1
<hr/>			
	11	5	10

SPORTS

Mount Ayr 17				Turner c	0	1	2
	B	F	P	Brown g	0	1	1
Miller f	1	1	4	Jenkins g	3	1	2
Thompson f	0	0	0	Beasy f	1	0	0
Cypers f	0	1	3				
Yacuk f	0	2	1		5	7	13

Umpire: Etter. Referee: Etter.

St. Joe Takes The Rap At Central Normal 51-20

Cards Throw Away Chance to Whip Conference Leaders

Continuing their ski-jumping brand of basketball the St. Joe Cardinals shot their loss column to a new high when they gave a one-sided victory to the Central Normal warriors. The teachers performed in a knock-em-down fashion that yielded them points while the Cards were picking themselves off the floor. St. Joe was hardly a match for the experienced downstaters who lead the Indiana conference with ten wins and no losses. Normal drove with power and phantom speed to score the avalanche of points that defeated the Cards. They never had to depend on counters from the court, for they were always able to get under the hoop for lay-in shots.

In the first moment of play "Scraps" Scharf dropped in a sizzling long shot to give the Cardinals the lead; Barney Badke followed with a sensational hook shot, and it seemed that for once St. Joe was hot. At this point, however, "Jingles" Englehart rounded up his crew of rugged basket-getters and started to roll in a barrage of buckets that made the outcome of the contest no longer dubious. The Normal quintet threw in counters from every angle. Feeling that a good offense was the best defense they kept the ball in their own possession for the greater part of the game. As a result St. Joe could score only at wide intervals. Although in the earlier stages of the fray the Cards held the score at an even

count, Central Normal soon drew away and were leading 25-11 when the first half ended.

With St. Joe's offense at a low ebb, Central Normal's attack in the second period was a mimeographed copy of its first half play. St. Joe players groaned as those winged teachers zoomed through their defense for myriad baskets; St. Joe students groaned when they heard that the final score was 51-20.

Central Normal 51	B	F	P
Wilson (c) f	2	5	1
Wallace f	2	1	0
Englehart f	4	1	3
Scott f	1	0	0
Rouderbush c	7	1	1
Ballard g	1	0	0
Morris g	0	1	0
Decker g	0	0	1
Gullion g	2	1	2
Franklin g	1	1	1
Larrimore g	0	0	0
	20	11	9

St. Joseph's 20	B	F	P
Scharf (c) f	1	2	3
Hatton f	0	1	2
McCarthy f	1	1	1
Badke c	3	1	1
Weyer g	1	2	3
Ottenweller g	0	0	2
Van Nevel g	0	0	2
Johnson g	0	1	2
	6	8	14

Referee: Stonebreaker. Umpire: Walls.



HUMOR



Zimmerman: "Was your French of any real value to you while in Paris?"

Van Nevel: "Oh yes, when I tried to talk it they thought I was Portuguese and didn't charge me half as much as they do Americans."

Mattingly: "The editor says there is a short story famine."

Miller: "I don't believe it. I hand in a short story about every week."

Mac Namara: "What is the title of Red's essay?"

Hogan: "Harmonies!"

Mac Namara: "How does he illustrate it?"

Hogan: "By wearing a green hat over that odious mop of red hair."

Old Man: "But doctor, if this is going to make me ten years younger, how about my old age pension?"

Doctor: "Well, Jib, how are you getting along? Taking the medicine, eh?"

Gzybowski: "Yes, Doc, I've taken all the pills you sent, and now I want a new persecution."

Jaeger: "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waiter: "We serve anyone; please be seated."

Judge: "You were present when the assault took place?"

Mudd: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "Did you take cognizance of the bartender of the place?"

Mudd: "I don't know what you call it, but I took what the rest did."

Anderson: "Did you hear that Nevers was made Bat Commander?"

Franz: "He was?"

Anderson: "Yes, Mascot in baseball."

Mrs. Kane: "And when Mrs. Gubbins said you wuzn't no lidy, wot did yer say?"

Mrs. Wieland: "I sez, 'Two negatives means an infirmary,' and I knocks 'er down. She is now in the 'orspital."

Murphy (as the bell for class rang): "Has anyone seen my vest?"

Nemetz: "Sure, Murph; you have it on."

Murphy: "Right I have. And it's a good thing ye seen it or I'd have went to class without it."

Durocher: "Can I get anything to eat in this dump?"

Waiter: "Yas sah, you kin."

Durocher: "Such as what?"

Waiter: "Such as it is, sah."

Be Loyal To our Advertisers

**Patronize Them!
If They Are Kind Enough
To Help Us
Let Us Be Kind Enough
To Help Them**

Palace

"The Pick O' The Pictures"

• • •

Wide Range Sound

● The next issue of the St. Joseph's Collegian will carry announcement of new policies together with a list of the outstanding pictures to be shown in the immediate future.

Ritz

**Rensselaer's New
Modern Theatre. . .
The finest in this section
of Indiana. . .**

**WILL OPEN
IN
FEBRUARY**

**under the management
of the
Rensselaer Theatre Corp.**

**LARSH & HOPKINS
DRUG STORE**

Complete Line of Drugs

South side Washington St.
Across from
Wright's Restaurant

Weyer: "Once while I was having a meal in the jungle, a lion came so close to me that I could feel his breath on the back of my neck. Do you know what I did?"

O'Keefe (bored): "Turned your collar up?"

SOFT DRINKS

CANDY

ICE CREAM

GOOD EATS

SMOKES

CHEERFUL SERVICE

ST. JOE BOYS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

Wright's Restaurant

● ● ●

MURRAY'S

Department Store

● ● ●

DR. W. L. GRANT

DENTIST

Over A. & P. Store

Office 235

Res. 623D

EASTMAN KODAKS

—

SPALDING SPORTING GOODS

**Forty-Five Years as
HEADQUARTERS FOR SCHOOL SUPPLIES**

We Know The Wants of Teacher and Pupil

Fendig's Rexall Drug Store

Phone 67

Kolanski: "What is your idea of a gentleman farmer?"

Geneva Jake: "He's a person who is so well to do that he can waste profanity on a golf-ball instead of on a mule."

CLARKE

THE JEWELER

Where Quality and Service count

Watch Repairing a Specialty

*When you buy
it at Penney's
It's right —*

In Price
In Quality
In Style

Shop at Penney's



SHERMAN
BLEND
& exquisite
COFFEE

QUID DECUS
VERUMATQUE

FRESH ROASTED DAILY AT
CHICAGO AND BROOKLYN

JOHN **SEXTON** & CO.
Coffee Merchants for Over 50 Years

GOOD THINGS

Fresh from the Oven

at

O'RILEY'S BAKERY

McCarthy: "Shank's not as big a fool
as he used to be."

Kaple: "So he's getting wiser?"

McCarthy: "No, — thinner."



The Tavern Brew



The Beer

Lafayette Brewery Inc.

Lafayette, Ind.

FORD'S BARBER SHOP

We

Appreciate Your Patronage

and

Hope To Please You Always

Greeting Cards

for

all Occasions

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

Wholesale Candies

at the

Rensselaer Candy Company

Phone 625 White

Rensselaer, Indiana

Landlady: "I'll give you just three
days in which to pay your board."

Student: "All right, I'll pick the
Fourth of July, Christmas and Easter."

SHORT

ORDERS

STUCK'S

Sandwich Shop

24-Hour Service

LUNCHES

SANDWICHES

THE MORRELL PRINTERY

Fine Printing and Embossing

Cards and Stationery

Over A. & P. Store

Judge: "You are accused of shooting
squirrels out of season. Have you any
defense?"

Foos: "Yes, your honor; self defense."

Iroquois Roller Mills

Phone 456

Manufacturers of hard and soft Wheat flour

Buck-wheat, Graham, Rye, and Pancake Flours

We Specialize in Poultry Feeds

Mack & Company

BOTTLERS

OF

COCA COLA AND FINE SODA WATERS

EVERY BOTTLE STERILIZED

Manufacturers of

PURE ICE CREAM AND ICES

It's A Food

MONON, INDIANA

BUY YOUR FOOTWEAR

AT

Miller-Jones Company

Rensselaer, Indiana.

Muldoon: "Do you know, the postmaster should have a round window in the postoffice?"

O'Connor: "Why?"

Muldoon: "To hand out the circular letters received by the High School Freshmen."

Charles Halleck
Abraham Halleck

ATTORNEYS and COUNSELLORS
AT LAW

Phone 56
Rensselaer, Indiana

Dr. E. F. Sutherland

DENTIST

Murray Building

OFFICE
623A

HOME
623D

Come to the

RALEIGH CLUB

for

Pool

Billiards

Ping-Pong

Dr. A. G. Catt

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

Eyes examined, glasses fitted, repair department

Phone 232

First Floor of Schaeffer Bldg.

S. W. Corner Washington and Van Rensselaer Streets.

WARNER HARDWARE

Electrical Supplies

STOVES — RADIOS

Phone 61

BEER

Popular Brands

Delivered Promptly

I. H. RILEY

Phone 60

DR. F. A. TURFLER

A Straight Backbone

Works Better Than a Crooked One

Murray Building
Phone 300

Meisberger cannot understand why goods sent by ship constitute a cargo, while goods sent in a car are a shipment.

Geisen: "How old is your little baby brother?"

Klycek: "He's a this year model."

COLLEGE SWEETE SHOPPE

Welcomes You

at

Any Time

Let Us Write Your
BONDS AND INSURANCE

C. J. Dean & Son
Odd Fellows Building
It's Right if We Write It

Callahan & Kanne

The Place To Buy Your
C O A L
Phone 273

Open House

at

Anthes Cafe

Open All Night
Next to Palace Theatre

F
O
O
D

F
O
U
N
T
A
I
N

PLAY BALL

with

St. Joe
Students

OUR ADVERTISERS

Patronize
Them

Dr. Harve Hemphill
Office 104 Res. 134
Dentist
Over Fendig's Drug Store

H. and H. Pharmacy
Drugs — Prescriptions — Sodas
— Philco Radios —
— Stationery —
—
North Side of Court House

Eat at
SIP & BITE
CONEY ISLANDS
Lunches — Good Coffee

Once a Western town held a Charley Chaplin contest. Prizes were to be given those who could imitate the comedian. Charley, hearing about the contest, entered it, and won second place.

THIS SPACE IS
Reserved for the
COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

■ — ■
Has
Equipment for all sports

KANNE'S CAFE

Dinners — Specials
BILLIARDS AND BOWLING
BEER FOR REFRESHMENT

Al. Kanne, Prop.

College Side Restaurant

For Your
LUNCH AND REAL BEER

JAMES JONAS, Prop.

Kelly: "Shall we have a friendly game of cards?"

Hendricks: "No, let's play bridge."

Staudt: "How much are your four-dollar shoes?"

Smart Salesman: "Two dollars a foot."

J. A. GRANT & SON

— Hauling —

Local and Long Distance

Rensselaer, Indiana

THE COLLEGE SHOE SHOP

Expert Shoe Rebuilding

Between City Hall and Palace Theatre

H. G. ABBETT CO.

Gamble: "Look here, waiter, is this peach or apple pie?"

Waiter: "Can't you tell from the taste?"

Gamble: "No, I can't."

Waiter: "Well, then, what difference does it make?"

RENSSELAER X-RAY LABORATORY

X-RAY Photographs

X-RAY Treatment

I. M. Washburn, M. D.

C. E. Johnson, M. D.

SEE

BROTHER DAVID

BARBER SHOP

TOBACCONIST

●
HOTEL

HOOSIER INN
●

State Bank of Rensselaer

Some are larger

None is better

Few as good

SAFETY FIRST IS OUR MOTTO

Usher: "How far down do you want to sit?"

Gaertner: "Why, all the way, of course."

Remember Mother's Birthday

"Say It With Flowers"

HOLDEN'S GREENHOUSE

Phone 426
